THE

Spaniſh Curate.

A

COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*,

AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. T.* And Sold by *J. Brown* at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar*. 1718.

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PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, Gentlemen, we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to Day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story,
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of Glory,
Of State, of Bitterneſs; of Wit you'll ſay,
For that is now held Wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye too 'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleaſant, and not weary:
The Stream that guides ye, eaſie to attend:
To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To ſwear it, if you ſwear againſt, is War.
To aſſure you any thing, unleſs you ſee,
And ſo conceive, is Vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it ſelf, and pray,
Like a good Bark, it may work out to day,
And ſtem all Doubts; 'twas built for ſuch a proof,
And we hope highly: if ſhe lye aloof
For her own vantage, to give Wind at will,
Why let her work, only be you but ſtill,
And ſweet opinion'd, and we are bound to ſay,
You are worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

DON Henrique, *an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.*
Don Jamie, *younger Brother to* Don Henrique.
Bartolus, *a covetous Lawyer, Husband to* Amaranta.
Leandro, *a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyer's Wife.*
Angelo, Milanes, Arsenio, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to* Leandro.
Ascanio, *Son to* Don Henrique.
Octavio, *supposed Husband to* Jacintha.
Lopez, *the* Spanish *Curate.*
Diego, *his Sexton.*
Assistant, *which we call a Judge.*
Algaziers, *whom we call Serjeants.*

Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

WOMEN.

Violante, *supposed Wife to* Don Henrique.
Jacintha, *formerly contracted to* Don Henrique.
Amaranta, *Wife to* Bartolus.
A Woman Moor, *Servant to* Amaranta.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SCENE *SPAIN.*

THE

THE Spaniſh Curate.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, *and* Arſenio.

Arſ. *Leandro* paid all.

Mil. 'Tis his uſual Cuſtom.
And requiſite he ſhould: He has now put off
The Funeral black, (your rich Heir wears with Joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead Father)
Your gathering Sires ſo long heap muck together,
That their kind Sons, to rid them of their care,
Wiſh them in Heav'n; or if they take a taſte
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence; what is befaln
To his Father, in the other World, I ask not;
I am ſure his Prayer is heard: Would I could uſe one
For mine, in the ſame method.

Arſ. Fie upon thee.
This is prophane.

Mil. Good Doctor, do not ſchool me
For a fault you are not free from: On my life,
Were all Heirs in *Corduba* put to their Oaths,
They would confeſs with me, 'tis a ſound Tenet:
I am ſure *Leandro* does.

Arſ. He is th' Owner
Of a fair Eſtate.

Mil.

Mil. And fairly he deserves it,
He's a Royal Fellow; yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his Bounties: He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by Chance,
But never out of Judgment: This invites
The prime Men of the City to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet Converse.
Ars. *Don Jamie*, the Brother
To the Grandee *Don Henrique*, appears much taken
With his Behaviour.
Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his Purse, and knows how to make use on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your *Don*, that's poor,
To vow all Leagues of Friendship with a Merchant
That can supply his wants, and howsoe'er
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder Brother
Don Henrique rich, and his Revenues long since
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy Heir,
Call'd Madam *Violante*, he yet holds
A hard hand o'er *Jamie*, allowing him
A bare Annuity only.
Ars. Yet 'tis said
He hath no Child, and by the Laws of *Spain*,
If he die without Issue, *Don Jamie*
Inherits his Estate.
Mil. Why that's the reason
Of their so many jars: Though the young Lord
Be sick of the elder Brother, and in reason
Shou'd flatter, and observe him, he's of a Nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.
Ars. What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make so much of?
Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best condition'd Youth I ever saw yet,
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him, and so modest,
That, in despight of Poverty, he wou'd starve
Rather than ask a courtesie. He's the Son
Of a poor cast-Captain, one *Octavio*;
And She, that once was call'd the fair *Jacintha*,
Is happy in being his Mother: For his sake,
Enter Jamie, Leandro, *and* Ascanio.
Though in their Fortunes faln, they are esteem'd of,

And

And cherish'd by the best. O here they come.
I now may spare his Character, but observe him,
He'll justifie my report.
Jam. My good *Ascanio*,
Repair more often to me; above Women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.
Asc. My Lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd Youth,
To be both rude and saucy.
Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent where you are so much desir'd:
And give me leave, dear Friend, to be your Rival
In part of his Affection; I will buy it
At any rate.
Jam. Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a Patron
That wou'd not say but do: Yet as I am,
Be mine, I'll not receive thee as a Servant,
But as my Son, and though I want my self,
No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
Shall find a kinder Master.
Asc. I beseech you
That my Refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill Construction, 'tis not Pride
(That common Vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I shou'd sue for: Nor the fashion
Which the Country follows, in which to be a Servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of Poverty is held an Argument
Of a base abject Mind. I wish my Years
Were fit to do you Service in a nature
That might become a Gentleman (give me leave
To think my self one.) My Father serv'd the King
As a Captain in the Field; and though his Fortune
Return'd him home a poor Man, he was rich
In Reputation, and Wounds fairly taken;
Nor am I by his ill success deter'd,
I rather feel a strong desire that sways me
To follow his Profession, and if Heav'n
Hath mark'd me out to be a Man, how proud,
In the service of my Country, shou'd I be,
To trail a Pike under your brave command!
There, I wou'd follow you as a Guide to Honour,
Though all the Horrors of the War made up

To stop my Passage.

Jam. Thou art a hopeful Boy,
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
I love thee more than ever.

Mil. Pity such Seeds
Of promising Courage shou'd not grow and prosper.

Ang. Whatever his reputed Parents be,
He hath a Mind that speaks him right and noble.

Lean. You make him blush: It needs not, sweet *Ascanio*,
We may hear Praises when they are deserv'd,
Our Modesty unwounded. By my Life
I wou'd add something to the building up
So fair a Mind, and if till you are fit
To bear Arms in the Field, you'll spend some Years
In *Salamanca*, I'll supply your Studies
With all conveniences.

Asc. Your Goodness, Signiors,
And charitable Favours overwhelm me.
If I were of your Blood, you cou'd not be
More tender of me: What then can I pay,
A poor Boy and a Stranger, but a Heart
Bound to your Service? With what willingness
I wou'd receive, good Sir, your noble Offer,
Heav'n can bear witness for me: But alas,
Sould I embrace the means to raise my Fortunes,
I must destroy the Lives of my poor Parents,
To whom I owe my Being, they in me
Place all their comforts; and, as if I were
The light of their dim Eyes, are so indulgent
They cannot brook one short day's absence from me;
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,
I am their Steward and their Nurse: The bounties
Which others bestow on me serves to sustain 'em.
And to forsake them in their Age, in me
Were more than Murther.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a Broker charitable.

Mil. Here, Sweetheart, I wish it were more.

Lean. When this is spent, seek for supply from me.

Jam. Thy Piety
For ever be remembred: Nay take all,
Though 'twere my Exhibition to a Ryal
For one whole Year.

Asc. High Heav'ns reward your Goodness.

Hen.

Hen. So, Sir, is this a Slip of your own Grafting,
You are ſo prodigal?
Jam. A Slip, Sir? *Hen.* Yes,
A Slip; or call it by the proper Name,
Your Baſtard.
Jam. You are foul-mouth'd; do not provoke me,
I ſhall forget your Birth if you proceed,
And uſe you, as your Manners do deſerve, uncivilly.
Hen. So brave! Pray you give me hearing,
Who am I, Sir? *Jam.* My elder Brother: One
That might have been born a Fool, and ſo reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The World a Year before me.
Lean. Be more temperate.
Jam. I neither can nor will, unleſs I learn it
By his Example: Let him uſe his harſh
Unſavoury Reprehenſions upon thoſe
That are his Hinds, and not on me. The Land
Our Father left to him alone rewards him,
For being twelve Months elder; let that be
Forgotten, and let his Paraſites remember
One quality of Worth or Virtue in him,
That may authorize him to be a Cenſurer
Of me, or my Manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a Tutor; till then, never.
Hen. From whom have you your means, Sir?
Jam. From the Will
Of my dead Father; I am ſure I ſpend not,
Nor give't upon your Purſe.
Hen. But will it hold out without my help?
Jam. I am ſure it ſhall, I'll ſink elſe,
For ſooner I will ſeek aid from a Whore,
Than a courteſie from you.
Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new Exchequer, when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the liſt of your acquaintance.
Leon. Pray you hold,
And give me leave, my Lord, to ſay thus much,
And in mine own defence, I am no Gull
To be wrought on by perſuaſion; nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my Reaſon warrants; you may be
As ſparing as you pleaſe, I muſt be bold
To make uſe of my own, without your Licence.

Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone, he is not worth thy Anger.
All that he does, *Leandra*, is for my good;
I think there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*
That has a better Steward, than I have of him.
Hen. Your Steward, Sir?
Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
Why, he knows I am giv'n to large Expence,
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe else,
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the Yoke
Of barren Wedlock, without hope of Issue,
His Coffers full, his Lands and Vineyards fruitful,
Cou'd be so sold to base and sordid Thrift,
As almost to deny himself the means
And necessaries of Life? Alas, he knows
The Laws of *Spain* appoint me for his Heir;
That all must come to me, if I out-live him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of Nature,
And the assistance of good Mirth, and Sack,
However you prove Melancholy.
Hen. If I live, thou dearly shalt repent this.
Jam. When thou art dead, I am sure I shall not.
Mil. Now they begin to burn like oppos'd Meteors.
Arf. Give them line, and way, my Life for *Don Jamie*.
Jam. Continue still
The excellent Husband, and join Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous Eye
To be anothers; forget you are a Grandee;
Take Use upon Use, and cut the Throats of Heirs
With coz'ning Mortgages: Rack your poor Tenants;
Till they look like so many Skeletons
For want of Food; and when that Widows Curses,
The Ruins of ancient Families, Tears of Orphans
Have hurried you to the Devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me, your thankful Brother,
That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And perhaps give a double Pistolet
To some poor needy Frier, to say a Mass
To keep your Ghost from walking.
Hen. That the Law
Should force me to endure this!
Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,
If you can find a Loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my Behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your Iron Chests, and once again

Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter ſhall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Maſques, and Revels,
As ſhe was us'd before ſhe was your Captive.
Methinks the meer conceit of it ſhould make you
Go home ſick, and diſtemper'd; if it do's,
I'll ſend you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your Funeral.
Hen. You have ſaid, Sir;
I will not fight with Words, but Deeds to tame you,
Reſt confident I will, and thou ſhalt wiſh
This day thou hadſt been dumb——— [*Exit.*
Mil. You have giv'n him a heat,
But with your own Diſtemper.
Jam. Not a whit,
Now he is from mine Eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cauſe and him: All Plagues go with him,
Let's talk of ſomething elſe: What News is ſtirring?
Nothing to paſs the time?
Mil. 'Faith it is ſaid
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us diſcourſe
Of what concerns our ſelves. 'Tis now in Faſhion
To have your Gallants ſet down in a Tavern,
What the Arch-Duke's Purpoſe is the next Spring, and what
Defence my Lords, the States, prepare; what courſe
The Emperor takes againſt the encroaching Turk,
And whether his Moony-ſtandards are deſign'd
For *Perſia*, or *Polonia*; and all this
The wiſer ſort of State-worms ſeem to know
Better than their own Affairs: This is Diſcourſe
Fit for the Council it concerns; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theme, 'twere better
To talk of handſome Women.
Mil. And that's one, [illegible] general.
Arſ. Yet none agree who [illegible] faireſt.
Lean. Some prefer the *French*,
For their conceited Dreſſings: Some the plump
Italian Bona-Robas; ſome the State
That ours obſerve; and I have heard one ſwear,
A merry Friend of mine, that once in *London*
He did enjoy the Company of a Gameſter,
A common Gameſter too, that in one Night
Met him th' *Italian*, *French*, and *Spaniſh* ways,
And ended in the *Dutch*; for to cool her ſelf,
She kiſs'd him drunk in the Morning.

Jam. We may ſpare
The Travel of our Tongues in foreign Nations,
When in *Corduba*, if you dare give Credit
To my Report, for I have ſeen her, Gallants,
There lives a Woman, of a mean Birth too,
And meanly match'd, whoſe all-excelling Form
Diſdains Compariſon with any She
That puts in for a fair one, and though you borrow
From every Country of the Earth the beſt
Of thoſe Perfections, which the Climate yields
To help to make her up, if put in Ballance,
This will weigh down the Scale.

Lean. You talk of Wonders.

Jam. She is indeed a Wonder, and ſo kept,
And, as the World deſerv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a Pattern,
Whoſe Copy ſhe hath loſt too, ſhe's ſhut up,
Sequeſtred from the World.

Lean. Who is the Owner of ſuch a Jem? I am fir'd.

Jam. One *Bartolus*,
A wrangling Advocate. *Arſ.* A Knave on Record.

Mil. I am ſure he cheated me of the beſt part
Of my Eſtate.

Jam. Some Buſineſs calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leiſure
To give you his full Character: In few words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond Expreſſion,
And to encreaſe his heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the plagues of Darkneſs: And to theſe
So Jealous, as if you wou'd parallel
Old *Argus* to him, you muſt multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: Of theſe none ſleep.
He that would charm the heavieſt Lid muſt hire
A better *Mercury*, than *Jove* made uſe of:
Bleſs your ſelves from the Thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour loſt: So farewel Signiors. [*Exit.*

Arſ. Leandro? In a Dream? Wake Man, for ſhame.

Mil. Trained into a Fool's Paradiſe, with a Tale
Of an imagin'd Form?

Lean. Jamie is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend,
Nor am I ſo much fir'd with Luſt as Envy,
That ſuch a Churl as *Bartolus* ſhould reap
So ſweet a Harveſt; half my State to any
To help me to a ſhare.

Arſ. Tuſh, do not hope for Impoſſibilities.

Lean.

Lean. I muſt enjoy her,
And my prophetick Love tells me I ſhall,
Lend me but your Aſſiſtance.
Arſ. Give it o'er.
Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.
Lean. I have ſtrange Engines
Faſhioning here, and *Bartolus* on the Anvil;
Diſſwade me not, but help me.
Mil. Take your Fortune,
If you come off well, praiſe your Wit; if not,
Expect to be the ſubject of our Laughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Octavio, *and* Jacintha.

Jac. You met *Don Henrique?* *Oct.* Yes.
Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak chearfully: How did my Letter work
On his hard Temper? I am ſure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the Pen of Sorrow,
That it muſt force Compunction.
Oct. You are cozen'd;
Can you with one Hand prop a falling Tow'r?
Or with the other ſtop the raging Main,
When it breaks in on the Uſurped Shore?
Or any thing that is impoſſible?
And then conclude that there is ſome way left,
To move him to Compaſſion.
Jac. Is there a Juſtice
And Thunder, my *Octavio*, and he
Not ſunk unto the Center? *Oct.* Good *Jacintha*,
With your long-practis'd Patience bear Afflictions;
And by provoking call not on Heav'ns anger;
He did not only ſcorn to read your Letter,
But, moſt Inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,
Curs'd you moſt bitterly.
Jac. The bad Man's Charity.
Oh that I cou'd forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him! or the relief I ſeek,
If given, were Bounty in him, and not Debt,
Depr of a dear Accompt?
Oct. Touch not that String,
'Twill but increaſe your Sorrow; and tame Silence,
The Balm of the Oppreſſed, which hitherto

Hath

Hath eas'd your griev'd Soul, and preserv'd your Fame,
Must be your Surgeon still.
Jac. If the Contagion
Of my Misfortunes had not spread it self
Upon my Son *Ascanio*, though my wants
Were centuply'd upon my self, I cou'd be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious Care, his Duty, and Obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a Son,
Discharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all means
To return any scruple of the Debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painful to be born.
Oct. I suffer with you,
In that; yet find in this assurance Comfort,
High Heav'n ordains, whose Purposes cannot alter,
Children that pay Obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.

Enter Ascanio.

Jac. Here comes our Joy. Where has my dearest been?
Asc. I have made, Mother,
A fortunate Voyage, and brought home rich Prize,
In a few hours: The Owners too contended,
From whom I took it. See here's Gold, good store too,
Nay, pray you take it.
Jac. Men's Charities are so cold,
That if I knew not thou wert made of Goodness,
'Twould breed a Jealousie in me, by what means
Thou cam'st by such a Sum.
Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employ'd so well,
As to relieve your Wants. Some noble Friends,
Rais'd by Heav'ns Mercy to me, not my Merits,
Bestow'd it on me. *Oct.* It were a Sacrilege
To rob thee of their Bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.
Jac. Buy thee brave Cloaths with it,
And fit thee for a Fortune, and leave us
To our necessities; why do'st thou weep?
Asc. Out of my Fear I have offended you;
For had I not, I am sure you are too kind,
Not to accept the Offer of my Service,
In which I am a Gainer; I have heard
My Tutor say, of all aereal Fowl
The Stork's the Emblem of true Piety;
Because when Age hath seiz'd upon her Dam,

And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his Back, provides her Food,
Repaying so her tender care of him,
E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then, that have Reason and Discourse,
That tell me all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly Bird?
Or feed or cloath my self superfluously,
And know, nay see you want? holy Saints keep me.
Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know my self the Mother to such Goodness?
Oct. Come let us dry our Eyes, we'll have a Feast,
Thanks to our little Steward. *Jac.* And in him,
Believe that we are rich. *Asc.* I'm sure I am,
While I have Pow'r to comfort you, and serve you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Henrique, *and* Violante.

Viol. Is it my Fault, *Don Henrique*, or my Fate?
What's my Offence? I came young to your Bed,
I had a fruitful Mother, and you met me
With equal Ardour in your *May* of Blood;
And why then am I barren? *Hen.* 'Tis not in Man
To yield a Reason for the will of Heav'n,
Which is inscrutable. *Viol.* To what use serve
Full Fortunes, and the meaner sort of Blessings,
When that, which is the Crown of all our Wishes,
The period of human Happiness,
One only Child that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly deny'd us? *Hen.* 'Tis the Curse
Of great Estates to want those Pledges, which
The Poor are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With Joy, behold the Models of their Youth,
And as their Root decays, those budding Branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their Age;
But this is the beginning, not the end
Of Misery to me, that 'gainst my will,
Since Heav'n denies us Issue of our own,
Must leave the fruit of all my Care and Travel
To an unthankful Brother that insults
On my Calamity. *Viol.* I will rather chuse
A Bastard from the Hospital and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own. *Hen.* Such an Evasion,
My *Violante*, is to forbid us;

Happy

Happy the *Roman* State, where it was lawful,
If our own Sons were vicious, to chuſe one
Out of a virtuous Stock, though of poor Parents,
And make him Noble. But the Laws of *Spain*,
Intending to preſerve all ancient Houſes,
Prevent ſuch free Elections; with this, my Brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me, as a Maſter. *Viol.* I will fire
The Portion I brought with me, e'er he ſpend
A Ryal of it: No Quirk left? no Quiddit
That may defeat him? *Hen.* Were I but confirm'd,
That you wou'd take the means I uſe with Patience,
As I muſt practiſe it with my Diſhonour,
I cou'd lay level with the Earth his hopes,
That ſoar above the Clouds with Expectation,
To ſee me in my Grave. *Viol.* Effect but this,
And our Revenge ſhall be to us a Son
That ſhall inherit for us. *Hen.* Do not repent
When 'tis too late. *Viol.* I fear not what may fall,
He diſpoſſeſs'd that does uſurp on all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Leandro, *with a Letter writ out*, Milanes, *and* Arſenio.

Mil. CAN any thing but wonder?
Lean. Wonder on,
I am as ye ſee, and, what will follow, Gentlemen?
Arſ. Why doſt thou put on this Form? what can this do?
Thou look'ſt moſt fillily. *Mil.* Like a young Clerk,
A half-pin'd Puppy that would write for a Ryal.
Is this a commanding Shape to win a Beauty?
To what uſe, what occaſion? *Lean.* Peace, ye are Fools,
More ſilly than my Out-ſide ſeems, ye are ignorant;
They that pretend to Wonders muſt weave cunningly;
Arſ. What manner of Acceſs can this get? or if gotten,
What credit in her Eyes? *Lean.* Will ye but leave me?
Mil. Methinks a young Man and a handſome Gentleman,
But ſure thou art Lunatick, methinks a brave Man
That wou'd catch cunningly the Beams of Beauty,
And ſo diſtribute 'em unto his Comfort,
Shou'd like himſelf appear, Young, High, and Buxom,
And in the brighteſt Form.
Lean. Ye are cozen'd, Gentlemen,

Neither

Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:
Thus as I am, I will begin my Voyage.
When you love, lanch it out in Silks and Velvets,
I'll love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins.
To get upon my great Horſe and appear
The ſign of ſuch a Man, and trot my Meaſures,
Or fiddle out whole froſty Nights, my Friends,
Under the Window, while my Teeth keep Tune,
I hold no handſomneſs. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle where I may have fair play.
Arſ. But how get in?
Lean. Leave that to me, your Patience,
I have ſome Toys here that I dare well truſt to:
I have ſmelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez.*
You are ne'er the nearer now. *Mil.* We do confeſs it.
Lean. Weak ſimple Men, this Vicar to this Lawyer
Is the moſt inward *Damon.* *Arſ.* What can this do?
Mil. We know the Fellow, and he dwells there.
Lean. So.
Arſ. A poor, thin Thief: He help? he? hang the Vicar,
Can reading of an———preſer thee?
Thou art dead-ſick in Love, and he'll pray for thee.
Lean. Have patience, Gentlemen; I ſay this Vicar,
This thing, I ſay, is all one with the Cloſe *Bartolus,*
For ſo they call the Lawyer, or his Nature,
Which I have ſtudied by Relation:
And make no doubt I ſhall hit handſomly,
While I work cunningly, and home: Underſtand me.
Enter Lopez, *and* Diego.
Next I pray leave me, leave me to my Fortune.
Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto, Gentlemen,
I'll win this Diamond from the Rock and wear her,
Or———
Mil. Peace, the Vicar: Send ye a full ſail, Sir.
Arſ. There's your Confeſſor, but what ſhall be your Penance?
Lean. A Fool's Head if I fail, and ſo forſake me.
You ſhall hear from me daily.
Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt* Mil. Arſ.
Lop. Thin World indeed!
Lean. I'll let him breath, and mark him:
No Man would think a Stranger as I am
Should reap any great commodity from his Pigbelly.
Lop. Poor ſtirring for poor Vicars. *Die.* And poor Sextons.
Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpoſe,
Thoſe that enjoy our Lands, choak our Devotions.
Our poor thin Stipends make us arrant Dunces.

Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, Master,
That are fed only with the sound of Prayers?
We rise and ring the Bells to get good Stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the Ropes with Reverence.
Lop. When was there a Christning, *Diego*?
Die. Not these ten Weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get Children, Master,
The Wars, the Seas, and Usury undo us,
Takes off our Minds, our Edges, blunts our Plough-shares.
They eat nothing here, but Herbs, and get nothing but green Sauce:
There are some poor Labourers, that perhaps
Once in seven Year, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd-Butter-prints, that scarce hold
The Christning neither.
Lop. Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A strange fantastical Birth, to defraud the Vicar,
And the Camp Christens their Issues, or the Curtizans,
'Tis a lewd time.
Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not dye: there's nothing got by Burials.
Lop. Diego, the Air's too pure, they cannot perish.
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlasting Parish,
Lord what a torment 'tis! *Die.* Good sensible Master,
You are allow'd to pray against all Weathers,
Both foul, and fair, as you shall find Occasion,
Why not against all Airs? *Lop.* That's not i'th' Canons.
I would it had, 'tis out of our way forty pence.
Die. 'Tis strange, they are starv'd too yet they will not die here,
They will not earth: A good stout Plague amongst 'em.
Or half a dozen new fantastical Fevers
That would turn up their Heels by whole-sale, Master,
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counsels,
That there might be no natural help for Mony:
How merrily would my Bells go then?
Lop. Peace *Diego*,
The Doctors are our Friends; let's please them well;
For though they kill but slow, they are certain, *Diego*.
We must remove into a muddy Air,
A most contagious Climate. *Die.* We must certain,
An Air that is the nursery of Agues,
Such Agues, Master, that will shake Men's Souls out,
Ne'er stay for Posset, nor good old Wives Plasters.
Lop. Gouts and dead Palsies.
Die. The Dead do's well at all times,
Yet Gouts will hang an arse a long time, Master:
The Pox, or *English* Sorrels if we had 'em,

Those

Thoſe are rich Marle, they make a Church-yard fat,
And make the Sexton ſing, they never miſs, Sir.
Lop. Then Wills and Funeral Sermons come in Seaſon,
And Feaſts that make us frolick. *Die.* Wou'd I cou'd ſee 'em.
Lop. And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet, *Diego*, here I laugh. *Die.* The Cauſe requires it.
Lop. Since People left to die, I am a Dunce, *Diego*.
Die. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. A precious pair of Youths! I muſt make toward 'em.
Lop. Who's that? look, it ſeems he would ſpeak to us.
I hope a Marriage, or ſome Will to make, *Diego*.
Die. My Friend, your buſineſs?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bleſs your good Learning, Sir. *Lop.* And bleſs you alſo.
He bears a promiſing Face, there's ſome hope toward.
Lean. I have a Letter to your Worſhip. *Lop.* Well, Sir,
From whence I pray you? *Lean.* From *Nova Hiſpania*, Sir,
And from an ancient Friend of yours. *Lop.* 'Tis well, Sir,
'Tis very well: The Devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a Snap, Sir, h'as a cozening Countenance,
I do not like his way. *Lop.* Let him go forward.
Cantabit vacuus, they that have nothing fear nothing,
All I have to loſe, *Diego*, is my Learning,
And when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut-ſhell.

Reads the Letter.

SIgnior Lopez, *Since my Arrival from* Cordova *to theſe Parts, I have written divers Letters unto you, but as yet receiv'd no Anſwer of any.* (Good, and very good) *And although ſo great a Forgetfulneſs might cauſe a want in my due Correſpondence, yet the deſire I have ſtill to ſerve you, muſt more prevail with me* (Better and better: The Devil a Man know I yet) *and therefore with the preſent occaſion offered I am willing to crave a continuance of the Favours which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recommend my Son* Leandro, *the Bearer, to you; with requeſt that he may be admitted in that Univerſity till ſuch time as I ſhall arrive at home; his Studies he will make you acquainted withal: This Kindneſs ſhall ſupply the want of your ſlackneſs: And ſo Heav'n keep you. Yours*

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria! very well,
A very ancient Friend of mine, I take it,
For till this hour I never heard his Name yet.
Lean. You look, Sir, as if ye had forgot my Father.
Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remember him,
For that I never remembred, I cannot forget, Sir.
Alonzo Tiveria? *Lean.* The ſame, Sir.

Lop. And now the Ladies? *Lean.* Yes

Lop. He may be any where,
For ought that I conſider. *Lean.* Think again, Sir,
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellows. *Lop.* Ha?
Lean. Nay, ſure you muſt remember. *Lop.* Wou'd I could.
Lean. I have heard him ſay, you were Goſſips too.
Lop. Very likely,
You did not hear him ſay, to whom? For we Students
May oft-times over-reach our Memories.
Doſt thou remember, *Diego*, this ſame Signior?
Thou haſt been mine theſe twenty Years. *Die.* Remember?
Why this Fellow wou'd make me mad: *Nova Hiſpania*?
And Signior *Truſcia*? What are theſe?
He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya*.
Take heed I beſeech your Worſhip: Do you hear, my Friend?
You have no Letters for me? *Lean.* Not any Letter,
But I was charg'd to do my Father's Love
To the old honeſt Sexton *Diego*: Are you he, Sir?
Die. Ha! have I Friends, and know 'em not? My Name is *Diego*,
But if either I remember you or your Father,
Or *Nova Hiſpania* (I was never there, Sir,)
Or any Kindred that you have——for Heav'n ſake, Maſter,
Let's caſt about a little, and conſider,
We may dream out our time.
Lean. It ſeems I am deceiv'd, Sir,
Yet, that you are *Don Lopez* all Men tell me,
The Curate here, and have been ſome time, Sir,
And you the Sexton *Diego*, ſuch I am ſent to,
The Letter tells as much: May be they are dead,
And you of the like Names ſucceed: I thank ye, Gentlemen,
Ye have done honeſtly in telling truth,
I might have been forward elſe. For to that *Lopez*,
That was my Father's Friend, I had a charge,
A charge of Mony to deliver, Gentlemen,
Five hundred Duckets, a poor ſmall Gratuity,
But ſince you are not he——
Lop. Good Sir, let me think,
I pray ye be patient, pray ye ſtay a little,
Nay, let me remember, I beſeech ye ſtay, Sir.
Die. An honeſt noble Friend, that ſends ſo lovingly;
An old Friend too; I ſhall remember ſure, Sir.
Lop. Thou ſay'ſt true, *Diego*. *Die.* 'Pray ye conſider quickly,
Do, do, by any means, methinks already
A grave ſtaid Gentleman comes to my Memory.
Lean. He's old indeed, Sir.
Die. With a goodly white Beard,

(For

(For now he muſt be ſo; I know he muſt be)
Signior *Alonzo*, Maſter! *Lop.* I begin to have him.
Die. H'as been from hence about ſome twenty years, Sir.
Lean. Some five and twenty, Sir,
Die. You ſay moſt true, Sir,
Juſt to an hour; 'tis now juſt five and twenty,
A fine ſtrait timber'd Man, and a brave Soldier.
He married ——— Let me ſee, ——— *Lean.* *De Caſtro*'s Daughter.
Die. The very ſame. *Lean.* Thou art a very Raſcal. [*Aſide.*
De Caſtro is the Turk to thee, or any thing:
The Mony rubs 'em into ſtrange remembrances,
For as many Duckets more they would remember *Adam*.
Lop. Give me your Hand, you are welcome to your Country,
Now I remember plainly, manifeſtly,
As freſhly as if yeſterday I had ſeen him.
Moſt heartily welcome: ſinful that I am,
Moſt ſinful Man! why ſhou'd I loſe this Gentleman?
This loving old Companion? We had all one Soul, Sir,
He dwelt here hard by, at a handſo———
Lean. Farm, Sir; you ſay moſt true,
Lop. *Alonzo Tiveria!*
Lord, Lord! that time ſhould play the treacherous Knave thus.
Why, he was the only Friend I had in Spain, Sir,
I knew your Mother too, a handſome Gentlewoman,
She was married very young: I married 'em.
I do remember now the Maſks and Sports then,
The Fire-works, and the fine delights; good faith, Sir,
Now I look in your Face, whoſe Eyes are thoſe, *Diego*?
Nay, if he be not juſt *Alonzo*'s Picture——
Lean. Lord, how I bluſh for theſe two Impudents! [*Aſide.*
Die. Well Gentleman, I think your Name's *Leandro*.
Lean. It is indeed, Sir.
Gra'-mercy Letter thou hadſt never known elſe. [*Aſide.*
Die. I have dandled ye, and kiſt ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred times, and danc'd ye,
And ſwong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd ſwinging.
Lop. A ſweet Boy. *Lean.* Sweet lying Knaves. [*Aſide.*
What wou'd theſe do for thouſands?
Lop. A wondrous ſweet Boy then it was, ſee now
Time that conſumes us, ſhoots him up ſtill ſweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When ſhall we ſee him? when will he bleſs his Country?
Lean. O, very ſhortly, Sir; 'till his return
He has ſent me over to your charge. *Lop.* And welcome,
Nay, you ſhall know you are welcome to your Friend, Sir.
Lean. And to my Study, Sir, which muſt be the Law.

To

To further which, he will intercept your care
To plant me into favour with some Man
That's expert in that Sorrowledge for his pains
I have three hundred Duckets mine: For my Diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me: Which I am charg'd
To take ſtill, as I uſe it, from your Cuſtody,
I have the Mony ready, and I am weary.
Lop. Sit down, Sir, ſhadow'd, and once more ye are moſt welcome,
The Law you have but upon moſt happily,
Here is a Maſter in that Art, *Bartolus*,
A Neighbour by, to him I will prefer ye,
A learned Man, and my moſt loving Neighbour,
I'll do ye faithful ſervice, Sir. *Die.* He's an Aſs,
And ſo we'll uſe him; he ſhall be a Lawyer.
Lop. But if ever he recover this Mony again——before, *Diego*,
And get ſome pretty Pittance: My Pupil's hungry.
Lean. Pray ye, Sir, unlade me. *Lop.* I'll refreſh ye, Sir;
When ye want, but know your Exchequer.
Lean. If all this get me but Succeſs, I am happy.
Lop. Come, I am tender of ye. *Lean.* I'll go with ye.
To have this Fort betray'd theſe Fools muſt fleece me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus, *and* Amaranta.

Bar. My *Amaranta*, a retir'd ſweet Life,
Private and cloſe, and ſtill, and houſwifely,
Becomes a Wife, ſets off the Grace of Woman.
At home to be believ'd both young, and handſome,
As Lillies that are caſ'd in cryſtal Glaſſes,
Makes up the wonder: Shew it abroad 'tis ſtale,
And ſtill the more Eyes cheapen it 'tis more ſlubber'd,
And what need Windows open to inviting?
Or evening Tarraſſes, to take Opinions?
When the moſt wholſome Air, my Wife, blows inward,
When good Thoughts are the nobleſt Companions,
And old chaſte Stories, Wife, the beſt Diſcourſes,
But why do I talk thus, that know thy Nature?
Ama. You know your own Diſeaſe; Diſtruſt, and Jealouſie,
And thoſe two give theſe Leſſons, not good meaning.
What trial is there of my Honeſty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what end, Husband,
Serves all the virtuous Thoughts, and chaſt Behaviour,
Without their uſes? Then they are known moſt excellent,
When by their contraries they are ſet off, and burniſh'd,

If

If ye both bidd me fain, and chuse, and enjoy,
Let me go fearless out, and win that Greatness:
These Seeds grow not in Shades, and conceal'd Places:
Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.
Bar. Peace, ye are too loud. *Ama.* You are too covetous.
If that be rank'd a Virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other Lawyers Wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my People, and my handsome Women,
My will in honest things. *Bar.* Peace, *Amarantha.*
Ama. They have Content, rich Cloaths, and that secures 'em,
Binds, to their careful Husbands, their Observance,
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.
Bar. Thou shalt too.
Ama. And freely may converse with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer Temptations daily to their Honour.
Enter Woman Moor.
Bar. You are now too far again: Thou shalt have any thing.
Let me but lay up for a handsome Office,
And then my *Amarantha*—— *Ama.* Here's a thing now,
Ye place as Pleasure to me: All my Retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my Friend,
And what she fails in, I must do my self.
A Foil to set my Beauty off, I thank ye,
You will place the Devil next for a Companion.
Bar. No more such words, good Wife.
What would you have, Maid?
Moor. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a Stranger, Sir,
Attend to speak with your Worship. *Bar.* A Stranger?
Ama. You had best to be jealous of the Man you know not.
Bar. 'Pray thee no more of that. *Ama.* 'Pray ye go out to 'em,
That will be safest for ye, I am well here,
I only love your Peace, and serve like a Slave for it.
Bar. No, no, thou shalt not, 'tis some honest Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me,
Prithee go in, my Duck, I'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.
Ama. I am commanded,
One day you will know my sufferance—— [*Exit.*
Bar. And reward it.
So, so, fast bind, fast find; Come in my Neighbours,
My loving Neighbours, pray ye come in, ye are welcome.
Enter Lopez, Leandro, *and* Diego.
Lop. Bless your good Reverence!
Bar. Good-day, good Master Curate,
And Neighbour *Diego*, welcome: what's your business?

And

And pray ye be merry, good Friends, the time is pretious,
Welcome, good Sir.
Lop. To be short, then with your Masterſhip,
For I know your ſeveral hours are full of buſineſs,
We have brought ye this young Man, of honeſt Parents,
And of an honeſt Face. *Bar.* It ſeems ſo, Neighbours,
But to what end? *Lop.* To be your Pupil, Sir,
Your Servant, if you pleaſe, *Lean.* I have travell'd far, Sir,
To ſeek a worthy Man. *Bar.* Alas, good Gentleman,
I am a poor Man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a Servant of your Reckoning;
My Houſe a little Cottage, and ſcarce able
To hold my ſelf, and thoſe poor few live under it;
Beſides, you muſt not blame me Gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a Servant,
To be a little ſcrupulous of his dealing,
For in theſe times—— *Lop.* Pray let me anſwer that, Sir,
Here is five hundred Duckets, to ſecure him.
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,
Good Gold, and Coin. *Bar.* And that's an honeſt pledge;
Yet ſure, that needs not, for his Face and Carriage,
Seem to declare an in-bred Honeſty.
Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the Law, Sir,
In which I underſtand you live a Maſter)
The leaſt poor Corner in your Houſe, poor Bed, Sir,
(Let me not ſeem intruding to your Worſhip)
With ſome Books to inſtruct me, and your Counſel,
Shall I reſt moſt content with: Other Acquaintance
Than your grave Preſence, and the grounds of Law
I dare not covet, nor I will not ſeek, Sir,
For ſurely mine own Nature deſires Privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains, to ſhew my thanks,
I do proportion out ſome twenty Duckets a
As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now, Sir,
To ſhew my love to Learning, and my Maſter,
My Diet I'll defray too, without trouble.
Lop. Note but his mind to Learning.
Bar. I do ſtrangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his Mony.
Dis. Wou'd he wou'd live with me, and learn to dig too.
Lop. A wondrous modeſt Man, Sir. *Bar.* So it ſeems,
His dear love to his Study muſt be nouriſh'd,
Neighbour, he's like to prove. *Lop.* With your good Counſel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him;
His Parents, when they know your care——
Bar. Come hither.
Dis. An honeſter young Man, your Worſhip ne'er kept,

But

But he is so bashful---- *Bar.* O I like him better.
Say I should undertake ye, which indeed, Sir,
Will be no little straitness to my living,
Considering my Affairs, and my small House, Sir?
For I have not many Lodgings to allow ye;
And Study shou'd be still remote from Company;
A little Fire sometimes too, to refresh ye;
A Student must be frugal: Sometimes Lights too,
According to your Labour. *Lean.* Any thing, Sir,
That's dry, and wholsome: I am no bred wanton.
Bar. Then I receive you: But I must desire ye
To keep within your Confines. *Lean.* Ever, Sir;
There's the Gold, and ever be your Servant,
Take it and give me Books: May I but prove, Sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply.
Lop. Do, study hard, pray ye take him in, and settle him;
He's only fit for you; Shew him his Cell, Sir.
Die. Take a good heart; and when ye are a cunning Lawyer,
I'll sell my Bells, and you shall prove it lawful.
Bar. Come, Sir, with me: Neighbours I thank your diligence.
Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a case with ye.
Bar. Welcome——
Lop. Here's Mony got with ease: here, spend that jovially, [*Exit.*
And pray for the Fool, the Founder.
Die. Many more Fools
I heartily pray may follow his Example,
Lawyers, or Lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet Friends in *Nova Hispania.*
Lop. It will do well; let 'em but send their Monies,
Come from what Quarter of the World, I care not,
I'll know 'em instantly; nay I'll be kin to 'em;
I cannot miss a Man, that sends me Mony:
Let him Law there, long as his Duckets last, Boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.
Die. I'll turn Trade, Master, and now live by the living,
Let the dead stink, 'tis a poor stinking Trade.
Lop. If the young Fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair Wife, *Diego*?
Die. And handle her Case, Master, that's a Law point,
A point would make him start, and put on his Spectacles,
A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.
Lop. Now surely, surely, I shou'd love him, *Diego*,
And love him heartily: Nay, I should love my self,
Or any thing that had but that good Fortune.
For to say truth, the Lawyer is a Dog-bolt,
An arrant Worm: And though I call him worshipful,

I wish him a canonis'd Cuckold, *Diego*,
Now, if my Youth do dub him——
Die. He is too demure, Sir. *Lop.* If he do sting her home.
Die. There's no such matter,
The Woman was not born to so much Blessedness,
He has no heat: Study consumes his Oil, Master.
Lop. Let's leave it to the Will of Fate, and presently
Over a cup of lusty Sack, let's prophesie.
I am like a Man that dreamt he was an Emperor,
Come *Diego*, hope, and whilst he lasts, we'll lay it on. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jamie, Milanes, *and* Arsenio.

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?
Mil. Yes, yes, *Jam.* And you *Arsenio*?
Ars. Yes, he's gone, Sir,
Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his Voyage.
Love guide his Thoughts: He's a brave honest Fellow.
Sit close, Don Lawyer, O that arrant Knave now,
How he will stink, will smoak again, will burst!
He's the most arrant Beast. *Mil.* He may be more Beast.
Jam. Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him.
The villany he has sowed into my Brother,
And from his State, the Revenue he has reach'd at:
Pay him, my good *Leandro*, take my Prayers.
Ars. And all our Wishes plough with his fine white Heifer.
Jam. Mark him, my dear Friend, for a famous Cuckold,
Let it out-live his Books, his Pains, and hear me,
The more he seeks to smother with Justice,
Enter a Servant.
Let it blaze out the more: What News *Andrea*?
Andr. News I am loth to tell ye: but I am charg'd, Sir,
Your Brother lays a strict command upon ye,
No more to know his House, upon your danger;
I am sorry, Sir. *Jam.* Faith never be: I am glad on't;
He keeps the House of Pride, and Foolery:
I mean to shun it; so return my answer;
'Twill shortly spew him out; Come, let's be merry,
And lay our Heads together, carefully,
How we may help our Friend; and let's lodge near him,
Be still at hand: I wou'd not for my Patrimony,
But he shou'd crown his Lawyer, a learn'd Monster;
Come, let's away, I am stark mad 'till I see him. [*Exe.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus, *and* Amaranta.

Ama. Why will ye bring Men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will ye lodge a young Man, a Man able,
And yet repine?
Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee, Sweet,
A modeſt poor ſlight thing, did I not tell thee
He was only giv'n to the Book, and for that
How Royally he pays? finds his own Meat too.
Ama. I will not have him here: I know your courſes,
And what fits you will fall into of madneſs.
Bar. Faith, I will not, Wife. *Ama.* I will not try ye.
Bar. He comes not near thee: Shall not dare to tread
Within thy Lodgings: In an old Out-Room,
Where Logs and Coles were laid.
Ama. Now ye lay fire; fire to conſume your Quiet.
Bar. Didſt thou know him
Thou wouldſt think as I do: He diſquiet thee?
Thou may'ſt wear him next thy Heart, and yet not warm him.
His Mind, poor Man, is o'th' Law, how to live after,
And not on Lewdneſs: On my Conſcience
He knows not how to look upon a Woman
More than by reading what Sex the is.
Ama. I do not like it, Sir. *Bar.* Doſt thou not ſee, Fool,
What Preſents he ſends hourly in his gratefulneſs?
What delicate Meats?
Ama. You had beſt truſt him at your Table,
Do, and repent it, do. *Bar.* If thou be'eſt willing,
By my troth, I think he might come, he's ſo modeſt,
He never ſpeaks: There's part of that he gave me,
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and riſe immediately;
Ev'n as he Eats, he Studies: He'll not diſquiet thee,
Do as thou pleaſeſt, Wife.
Ama. What means this Wood-cock? [*Knock within.*
Bar. Retire, Sweet, there's one knocks: Come in, your buſineſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, *Don Henrique*, would entreat ye, Sir,
To come immediately, and ſpeak with him,
He has buſineſs of ſome moment. *Bar.* I'll attend him;
I muſt be gone: I prithee think the beſt, Wife,
At my return, I'll tell thee more, good morrow.
Sir, keep ye cloſe, and ſtudy hard: An hour hence
I'll read a new Caſe to ye. *Exit.* [*Lean. within.*

Lean. I'll be ready.
Ama. So many hundred Duckers, to lie ſcurvily,
And learn the pelting Law? This ſounds but ſlenderly,
But very poorly: I would ſee this Fellow,
Very fain ſee him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what ſtudy: There's the place:
I'll go o'th' other ſide, and take my Fortune. [*Exit.*
I think there is a Window.

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out.
Now, if I cou'd but ſee her: She is not this way:
How naſtily he keeps his Houſe? My Chamber,
If I continue long, will choak me up,
It is ſo damp: I ſhall be mortified
For any Woman, if I ſtay a Month here:
I'll in, and ſtrike my Lute, that ſound may call her. [*Ex.*

Enter Amaranta.

Ama. He keeps very cloſe: Lord, how I long to ſee him!
A Lute ſtrook handſomely, a Voice too; I'll hear that;

LUTE and SONG.

I.

Deareſt, do not you delay me,
Since thou know'ſt I muſt be gone;
Wind and Tide 'tis thought doth ſtay me,
But 'tis Wind that muſt be blown
From that Breath, whoſe native Smell
Indian *Odours far excel.*

II.

O then ſpeak thou faireſt Fair,
Kill not him that vows to ſerve thee,
But perfume this neighbouring Air;
Elſe dull Silence ſure will ſtarve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly ſpoken,
Which being reſtrain'd a Heart is broken.

Theſe Verſes are no Law, they ſound too ſweetly,
Now I am more deſirous. [Leandro *peeping.*
Lean. 'Tis ſhe certain.
Ama. What's that that peeps? *Lean.* O admirable Face!
Ama. Sure 'tis the Man. *Lean.* I will go out a little.
Ama. He looks not like a Fool, his Face is noble:
How ſtill he ſtands!
Lean. I am ſtrucken dumb with wonder,
Sure all the Excellence of Earth dwells here.

Ama.

Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his Eyes, like Torches,
Fling their Beams round: How manly his Face ſhews!
He comes on: Surely he will ſpeak: He is made moſt handſomly:
This is no Clerk behaviour; now I have ſeen ye,
I'll take my time: Husband, ye have brought home Tinder.
[*Exit.*

Lean. Sure ſhe has transform'd me.
I had forgot my Tongue clean,
I never ſaw a Face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it.
And ſpeak my Mind; my Lips were lockt up here.
This is Divine, and only ſerv'd with Reverence.
O moſt fair cover of a Hand far fairer,
Thou bleſſed Innocence, that guards that whiteneſs,
Live next my Heart. I am glad I have got a Relick;
A Relick when I pray to it, may work wonders.
[*A Noiſe within.*
Hark, there's ſome noiſe: I muſt retire again.
This bleſſed Apparition makes me happy;
I'll ſuffer, and I'll ſacrifice my Subſtance,
But I'll enjoy. Now ſoftly to my Kennel. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Henrique *and* Bartolus.

Hen. YOU know my Cauſe ſufficiently?
Bar. I do, Sir.
Hen. And though it will impair my Honeſty;
And ſtrike deep at my Credit, yet, my *Bartolus*,
There being no other evaſion left to free me
From the vexation of my ſpightful Brother,
That moſt inſultingly reigns over me,
I muſt and will go forward. *Bar.* Do, my Lord,
And look not after Credit, we ſhall cure that,
Your bended Honeſty we ſhall ſet right, Sir,
We Surgeons of the Law do deſperate Cures, Sir,
And you ſhall ſee how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark how I'll knock it home: Be of good chear, Sir,
You give good Fees, and thoſe beget good Cauſes,
The Prerogative of your Crowns will carry the matter,
Carry it ſheer; the Aſſiſtant ſits to morrow,
And he's your Friend, you monied Men love naturally,
And as your Loves are clear, ſo are your Cauſes.

Hen.

Hen. He ſhall not want for that.

Bar. No, no, he muſt not;
Line your Cauſe warmly, Sir, the Times are Aguiſh,
That holds a Plea in Heart, hang the penurious,
Their Cauſes, like their Purſes, have poor Iſſues.

Hen. That way, I was ever bountiful. *Bar.* 'Tis true, Sir,
That makes ye fear'd, forces the Snakes to kneel to ye.
Live full of Mony, and ſupply the Lawyer,
And take your choice of what Man's Lands you pleaſe, Sir,
What Pleaſures, or what Profits, what Revenges,
They are all your own. I muſt have Witneſſes
Enough, and ready.

Hen. You ſhall not want, my *Bartolus*.

Bar. Subſtantial fearleſs Souls, that will ſwear ſuddenly,
That will ſwear any thing. *Hen.* They ſhall ſwear Truth too.

Bar. That's no great matter: For variety
They may ſwear Truth, elſe 'tis not much look'd after:
I will ſerve Proceſs, preſently, and ſtrongly,
Upon your Brother, and *Octavio*,
Jacintha, and the Boy; provide your proofs, Sir,
And ſet 'em fairly off, be ſure of Witneſſes,
Though they coſt Mony, want no ſtore of Witneſſes.
I have ſeen a handſome Cauſe ſo foully loſt, Sir,
So beaſtly caſt away for want of Witneſſes.

Hen. There ſhall want nothing.

Bar. Then be gone, be provident,
Send to the Judge a ſecret way: You have me,
And let him underſtand the Heart. *Hen.* I ſhall, Sir.

Bar. And feel the Pulſes ſtrongly beat, I'll ſtudy,
And at my hour, but mark me, go, be happy,
Go and believe i'th' Law.

Hen. I hope 'twill help me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, *four Pariſhioners, and Singers.*

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not ſtay amongſt ye,
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy Knaves I found ye,
And Fools I leave ye. I have taught theſe twenty Years,
Preacht Spoon-meat to ye, that a Child might ſwallow,
Yet ye are Block-heads ſtill: What ſhou'd I ſay to ye?
Ye have neither Faith, nor Mony left to ſave ye,
Am I a fit Companion for ſuch Beggars?

1 *Par.* If the Shepherd will ſuffer the Sheep to be ſcab'd, Sir—

Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.

Dio.

Die. Wou'd they were, for my sake.

Lop. I have Nointed ye, and Tarr'd ye with my Doctrine,
And yet the Murren sticks to ye, yet ye are Mangy,
I will avoid ye. 2 *Par.* Pray ye, Sir, be not angry
In the pride of your new Cassock, do not part with us,
We do acknowledge ye are a careful Curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with Sermons,
A short slice of a Reading serves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher,
Before you'll vex your Audience, you'll sleep with 'em,
And that's a loving thing. 3 *Par.* We grant ye, Sir,
The only Benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports the first Provoker,
And at our Feasts, we know there is no Reason,
But you that edifie us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay for all this, ye shall know me
A Man born to a more beseeming Fortune
Than ringing all-in, to a rout of Dunces.

4 *Par.* We will encrease your Tithes, you shall have Eggs too,
Though they may prove most dangerous to our Issues.

1 *Par.* I am a Smith, yet thus far out of my Love,
You shall have the tenth Horse I prick, to pray for,
I am sure I prick five hundred in a Year, Sir.

2 *Par.* I am a Cook, a Man of a dry'd Conscience,
Yet thus far I relent: You shall have tith Pottage.

3 *Par.* Your Stipend shall be rais'd too, good Neighbour *Diego.*

Die. Wou'd ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified:
No, there be other places for poor Sextons,
Places of profit, Friends, fine stirring Places,
And People that know how to use our Offices,
Know what they were made for: I speak for such Capons?
Ye shall find the Key o'th' Church
Under the Door, Neighbours,
You may go in, and drive away the Daws.

Lop. My Surplis, with one Sleeve, you shall find there,
For to that dearth of Linnen you have driven me;
And the old Cutwork Cope, that hangs by Geometry:
Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender;
The remnant of the Books lye where they did, Neighbours,
Half puft away with the Church-wardens Pipings.
Such smoaky Zeals they have against hard Places.
The Poor-mans Box is there too: If ye find any thing
Beside the Poesie, and that half rub'd out too,
For fear it should be a shame too much Charity,
Give it to pious uses, that is, spend it.

Die.

Die. The Bell-ropes, they are ſtrong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your Deſtiny:
1 *Par.* 'Pray ye be not ſo haſty.
Die. I'll ſpeak a proud Word to ye,
Would ye have us ſtay?
2 *Par.* We do moſt heartily pray ye.
3 *Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, Sir. *Lop.* A ſtrong Motive,
The ſtronger ſtill, the more ye come unto me.
3 *Par.* And I'll ſend for my Daughter.
Lop. This may ſtir top:
The Maiden is of Age, and muſt be edified.
4 *Par.* You ſhall have any thing. Loſe our learned Vicar?
And our moſt conſtant Friend, honeſt dear *Diego?*
Die. Yet all this will not do: I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
And tell ye true: If ye will have us ſtay,
If you will have the comforts of our Companies,
You ſhall be bound to do us right in theſe points,
You ſhall be bound, and this the Obligation,
Dye when 'tis fit, that we may have fit Duties,
And not ſeek to draw——out our undoings.
Marry try'd Women, that are free, and fruitful,
Get Children in abundance, for your Chriſtnings,
Or ſuffer to be got, 'tis equal Juſtice,
Lop. Let Weddings, Chriſtnings, Churchings, Funerals,
And merry Goſſipings go round, go round ſtill,
Round as Pig, that we may find the profit.
Die. And let your old Men fall ſick handſomely,
And dye immediately, their Sons may ſhoot up:
Let Women dye o'th' Sullens too, 'tis natural,
But be ſure their Daughters be of Age firſt,
That they may ſtock us ſtill: your queazie young Wives
That periſh undeliver'd, I am vext with,
And vext abundantly, it much concerns me,
There's a Child's Burial loſt, look that be mended.
Lop. Let 'em be brought to Bed, then dye when they pleaſe.
Theſe things conſider'd, Country-men, and ſworn to.
2 *Par.* All theſe, and all our Sports again, and Gambols.
3 *Par.* We muſt dye, and we muſt live, and we'll be merry,
Ev'ry Man ſhall be Rich by one another,
2 *Par.* We are here to Morrow and gone to Day; for my part
If getting Children can befriend my Neighbours,
I'll labour hard but I'll fill your Font, Sir.
1 *Par.* I have a Mother now, and an old Father,
They are as ſure your own, within two Months——
4 *Par.* My Siſter muſt be pray'd for too, ſhe is deſperate,
Deſperate in Love.

Die.

Die. Keep deſperate Men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard: Do you ſee how Melancholy?
Do you mark the Man? do ye profeſs ye love him?
And would do any thing to ſtay his Fury?
And are ye unprovided to refreſh him,
To make him know your Loves? fie Neighbours.
2 Par. We'll do any thing.
We have brought Muſick to appeaſe his Spirit,
And the beſt Song we'll give him.
Die. 'Pray ye ſit down, Sir,
They know their Duties now, and they ſtand ready
To tender their beſt Mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well, proceed Neighbours,
I am glad I have brought ye to underſtand good manners,
Ye had Puritan Hearts a-while, ſpurn'd at all Paſtimes,
But I ſee ſome hope now.
Die. We are ſet, proceed Neighbours.

SONG.

I.

Let the Bells ring, and let the Boys ſing,
The young Laſſes skip and play,
Let the Cups go round, 'till round goes the Ground,
Our Learned old Vicar will ſtay.

II.

Let the Pig turn merrily, merrily ah,
And let the fat Gooſe ſwim,
For verily, verily, verily ah,
Our Vicar this Day ſhall be Trim.

III.

The ſtew'd Cock ſhall Crow, Cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud Cock-a-loodle ſhall he Crow;
The Duck and the Drake, ſhall ſwim in a Lake
Of Onions and Claret below.

IV.

Our Wives ſhall be neat, to bring in our Meat;
To thee our moſt noble Adviſer,
Our pains ſhall be great, and Bottles ſhall ſweat,
And we our ſelves will be wiſer.

V.

We'll labour and ſwink, we'll kiſs and we'll drink,
And Tithes ſhall come thicker and thicker,
We'll fall to our Plow, and get Children enough,
And thou ſhalt be Learned old Vicar.

Enter Arſenio *and* Milanes.

Arſ. What ails this Prieſt? how highly the thing takes it?
Mil. Lord how it looks? has he not bought ſome Prebend?
Leandro's Mony makes the Raſcal merry,
Merry at Heart; he ſpies us. *Lop.* Be gone Neighbours,
Here are ſome Gentlemen: be gone good Neighbours,
Be gone, and labour to redeem my favour,
No more Words, but be gone: Theſe two are Gentlemen,
No Company for cruſty-handed Fellows.
Die. We will ſtay for a Year or two, and try ye.
Lop. Fill all your Hearts with Joy, we will ſtay with ye.
Be gone; no more; I take your Paſtimes graciouſly. [*Ex. Pariſhion.*
Would ye with me, my Friends?
Arſ. We would look upon ye,
For methinks ye look lovely. *Lop.* Ye have no Letters?
Nor any kind Remembrances? *Mil.* Remembrances?
Lop. From *Nova Hiſpania*, or ſome Part remote, Sir,
You look like Travel'd Men: May be ſome old Friends
That happily I have forgot: ſome Signiors
In *China* or *Cataya*; ſome Companions———
Die. In the *Moguls* Court, or elſewhere.
Arſ. They are mad ſure.
Lop. Ye came not from *Peru*? Do they look, *Diego*,
As if they had ſome Myſtery about 'em?
Another *Don Alonzo* now? *Die.* Ay marry,
And ſo much Mony, Sir, from one you know not,
Let it be who it will. *Lop.* They have gracious Favours.
Would ye be private? *Mil.* There's no need on't, Sir,
We come to bring ye a Remembrance from a Merchant.
Lop. 'Tis very well, 'tis like I know him. *Arſ.* No, Sir,
I do not think ye do. *Lop.* A new miſtake, *Diego*,
Let's carry it decently. *Arſ.* We come to tell ye,
You have receiv'd great Sums from a young Factor
They call *Leandro*, that has rob'd his Maſter,
Rob'd him, and run away. *Die.* Let's keep cloſe, Maſter;
This News comes from a cold Country.
Lop. By my Faith it freezes.
Mil. Is not this true? do you ſhrink now, good-man Curate?
Do I not touch ye? *Lop.* We have a hundred Duckets

Yet

Yet leſt, we do beſeech ye, Sir—— *Mil.* You'll hang both.
Lop. One may ſuffice. *Die.* I will not hang alone, Maſter,
I had the leaſt Part, you ſhall hang the higheſt,
Plague o' this *Tiveria*, and the Letter,
The Devil ſent it poſt, to pepper us,
From *Nova Hiſpania*, we ſhall hang at home now.
Arſ. I ſee ye are Penitent, and I have Compaſſion:
Ye are ſecure both; do but what we charge ye,
Ye ſhall have more Gold too, and he ſhall give it,
Yet ne'er indanger ye. *Lop.* Command us, Maſter,
Command us preſently, and ſee how nimbly——
Die. And if we do not handſomely endeavour——
Arſ. Go home, and 'till ye hear more, keep private,
'Till we appear again, no Words, Vicar,
There's ſomething added.
Mil. For you too. *Lop.* We are ready.
Mil. Go and expect us hourly: If ye falter,
Though ye had twenty Lives——
Die. We are fit to loſe 'em.
Lop. 'Tis moſt expedient that we ſhould hang both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our Fortune.
Mil. Farewel, and be your own Friends.
Lop. We expect ye—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Bar: A Table-book, two Chairs, Paper, and a Standiſh ſet out.*

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, *and* Aſcanio.

Oct. We cited to the Court! *Jac.* It is my wonder.
Oct. But not our fear, *Jacintha*; wealthy Men,
That have Eſtates to loſe, whoſe conſcious Thoughts
Are full of inward Guilt, may ſhake with horrour
To have their Actions ſifted, or appear
Before the Judge. But we, that know our ſelves
As innocent, as poor, that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take ſure hold, may ſmile with ſcorn on all
That can be urg'd againſt us. *Jac.* I am confident
There is no Man ſo covetous, that deſires
To raviſh our wants from us, and leſs hope
There can be ſo much Juſtice left on Earth,
Though ſued, and call'd upon, to eaſe us of
The burthen of our wrongs. *Oct.* What thinks *Aſcanio*?
Shou'd we be call'd in queſtion, or accus'd
Unjuſtly, what would you do to redeem us

From tyrannous Oppreſſion? *Aſc.* I cou'd pray
To him that ever has an open Ear,
To hear the Innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my Troth, I think I cou'd out-plead
An Advocate, and ſweat as much as he
Do's for a double Fee, e'er you ſhould ſuffer
In an honeſt Cauſe.

Enter Jamie *and* Bartolus.

Oct. Happy Simplicity!
Jac. My deareſt and my beſt one, *Don Jamie.*
Oct. And the Advocate, that caus'd us to be ſummon'd.
Aſc. My Lord is mov'd, I ſee it in his looks.
And that Man, in the Gown, in my Opinion
Looks like a proguing Knave. *Jac.* Peace, give them leave.
Jam. Serve me with Proceſs?
Bar. My Lord, you are not lawleſs. *Jam.* Nor thou honeſt;
One, that not long ſince was the buckram Scribe,
That would run on Men's errands for an Aſper,
And from ſuch baſeneſs, having rais'd a Stock
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar.
So poor in Practice too, that you wou'd plead
A needy Client's Cauſe, for a ſtarv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loyn of Veal, though fly-blown,
And theſe, the greateſt Fees you could arrive at
For juſt Proceedings; but ſince you turn'd Raſcal——
Bar. Good words, my Lord.
Jam. And grew my Brother's Bawd,
In all his vitious Courſes, ſoothing him
In his diſhoneſt Practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent Knave; in the Devils name,
What am I cited for? *Bar.* You ſhall know anon,
And then too late repent this bitter Language,
Or I'll miſs of my Ends. *Jam.* Were't not in Court,
I would beat that Fat of thine, rais'd by the food
Snatch'd from poor Clients Mouths, into a Jelly:
I would, my Man of Law, but I am patient,
And would obey the Judge. *Bar.* 'Tis your beſt courſe:
Would every Enemy I have wou'd beat me,
I would wiſh no better Action.
Oct. 'Save your Lordſhip.
Aſc. My humble Service.
Jam. My good Boy, how doſt thou?
Why art thou call'd into the Court?

Enter Aſſiſtant, Henrique, *Officer, and Witneſſes.*

Aſc. I know not,
But 'tis my Lord the Aſſiſtant's Pleaſure

I ſhou'd attend here. *Jam.* He will ſoon reſolve us.
Offi. Make way there for the Judge.
Jam. How? my kind Brother?
Nay then 'tis rank: There is ſome Villany towards.
Aſſiſt. This Seſſions, purchas'd at your Suit, *Don Henrique*,
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer. *Hen.* I do beſeech
The honourable Court, I may be heard
In my Advocate. *Aſſiſt.* 'Tis granted.
Bar. Humh, humh. *Jam.* That Preface,
If left out in a Lawyer, ſpoils the Cauſe,
Though ne'er ſo good, and honeſt. *Bar.* If I ſtood here,
To plead in the Defence of an ill Man,
Moſt equal Judge, or to accuſe the Innocent,
To both which I profeſs my ſelf a Stranger,
It wou'd be requiſite I ſhou'd deck my Language
With Tropes and Figures, and all Flouriſhes
That grace a Rhetorician, 'tis confeſs'd
Adulterate Metals need the Gold-ſmith's Art,
To ſet 'em off; what in it ſelf is perfect
Contemns a borrowed Gloſs: This Lord, my Client,
Whoſe honeſt Cauſe, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge Juſtice, finding in his Conſcience
A tender ſcruple of a Fault long ſince
By him committed, thinks it not ſufficient
To be abſolv'd of't by his Confeſſor,
If that in open Court he publiſh not
What was ſo long conceal'd. *Jam.* To what tends this?
Bar. In his young years (it is no Miracle
That Youth, and heat of Blood, ſhould mix together)
He look'd upon this Woman, on whoſe Face
The ruins yet remain, of excellent Form,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her. *Jac.* You good Angels,
What an impudence is this? *Bar.* And us'd all means
Of Service, Courtſhip, Preſents, that might win her
To be at his Devotion: But in vain;
Her Maiden Fort, impregnable, held out,
Until he promis'd Marriage; and before
Theſe Witneſſes a ſolemn Contract paſs'd
To take her as his Wife. *Aſſiſt.* Give them their Oath.
Jam. They are incompetent Witneſſes, his own Creatures,
And will ſwear any thing for half a Ryal.
Offi. Silence. *Aſſiſt.* Proceed.
Bar. Upon this ſtrong aſſurance
He did enjoy his wiſhes to the full,
Which ſatisfied, and then with Eyes of Judgement,

Hood-

Hood-wink'd with Luſt before, conſidering duly
The inequality of the Match, he being
Nobly Deſcended and Allied, but ſhe
Without a Name or Family, ſecretly
He purchas'd a Divorce, to diſanul
His former Contract, marrying openly
The Lady *Violante*. *Jac.* As you ſit here
The Deputy of the great King, who is
The Subſtitute of that impartial Judge,
With whom, or Wealth, or Titles prevail nothing,
Grant to a much wrong'd Widow, or a Wife
Your Patience, with liberty to ſpeak
In her own Cauſe, and let me, Face to Face
To this bad Man, deliver what he is:
And if my Wrongs, with his Ingratitude ballanc'd,
Move not Compaſſion, let me die unpitied.
His Tears, his Oaths, his Perjuries, I paſs o'er;
To think of them is a Diſeaſe; but Death
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
For Innocence cannot juſtify what's falſe,
But all the Advocate hath alledg'd concerning
His Falſhood, and my Shame in my conſent,
To be moſt true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee *Don Henrique*, and if impious Acts
Have left thee Blood enough to make a Bluſh,
I'll paint it on thy Cheeks. Was not the wrong
Sufficient to defeat me of mine Honour,
To leave me full of Sorrow, as of Want,
The witneſs of my Luſt left in my Womb,
To teſtify thy Falſhood, and my Shame?
But now ſo many Years I had conceal'd
Thy moſt inhuman Wickedneſs, and won
This Gentleman, to hide it from the World,
To Father what was thine (for yet by Heav'n,
Though in the City he paſs'd for my Husband,
He never knew me as his Wife) *Aſſiſt.* 'Tis ſtrange:
Give him an Oath. *Oct.* I gladly ſwear and truly.
Jac. After all this, I ſay, when I had born
Theſe wrongs, with Saint-like Patience, ſaw another
Freely enjoy, what was in Juſtice mine,
Yet ſtill ſo tender of thy reſt and quiet,
I never wou'd divulge it, to diſturb
Thy Peace at home; yet thou moſt barbarous,
To be ſo careleſs of me, and my Fame,
For all reſpect of thine in the firſt ſtep
To thy baſe Luſt was loſt, in open Court

To publish my Disgrace; and on Record,
To write me up an ease-yielding Wanton;
I think can find no Precedent: In my Extreams,
One comfort yet is left, that though the Law
Divorce me from thy Bed, and made free way
To the unjust Embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this my Son,
(Look up *Ascanio*, since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate Heir. *Jam.* Confederacy!
A trick, my Lord, to cheat me; e'er you give
Your Sentence, grant me hearing. *Assist.* New Chimera's?
Jam. I am, my Lord, since he is without Issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted Heir,
And this forg'd by the Advocate, to defeat me
Of what the Laws of *Spain* confer upon me,
A meer Imposture, and Conspiracy
Against my future Fortunes. *Assist.* You are too bold.
Speak to the Cause, *Don Henrique.* *Hen.* I confess,
Though the acknowledgement must wound mine Honour,
That all the Court hath heard touching this Cause
Or with me, or against me, is most true:
The latter part my Brother urg'd, excepted:
For what I now do, is not out of Spleen
As he pretends, but from remorse of Conscience,
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor Woman: And I beseech your Lordship
To think I have not so far lost my Reason,
To bring into my Family, to succeed me,
The Stranger-Issue of another's Bed;
By proof, this is my Son, I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
By a definitive Sentence of the Court,
He may be so Recorded, and full Pow'r
To me, to take him Home. *Jac.* A second Rape
To the poor remnant of Content that's left me,
If this be granted: And all my former Wrongs
Were but beginnings to my Miseries,
But this the height of all: Rather than part
With my *Ascanio*, I'll deny my Oath,
Profess my self a Strumpet, and endure
What Punishment soe'er the Court decrees
Against a Wretch that hath forsworn her self,
Or plaid the impudent Whore. *Assist.* This tastes of Passion,
And that must not divert the course of Justice;
Don Henrique, take your Son, with this condition
You give him Maintenance, as becomes his Birth,

And

And 'twill ſtand with your Honour to do ſomething
For this wrong'd Woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your Will. Break up the Court:
It is in vain to move me; my doom's paſs'd,
And cannot be revok'd.——— [*Exit.*

Hen. There's your Reward.

Bar. More Cauſes, and ſuch Fees. Now to my Wife,
I have too long been abſent. Health to your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Aſc. You all look ſtrangely, and I fear believe
This unexpected Fortune makes me proud,
Indeed it do's not: I ſhall ever pay you
The duty of a Son, and honour you
Next to my Father: Good my Lord, for yet
I dare not call you Uncle, be not ſad,
I never ſhall forget thoſe noble Favours
You did me being a Stranger, and if ever
I live to be the Maſter of a Fortune,
You ſhall command it. *Jam.* Since it was determin'd
I ſhou'd be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee; I am too tough to melt,
But ſomething I will do. *Hen.* 'Pray you take leave
Of your Steward, gentle Brother, the good Husband
That takes up all for you. *Jam.* Very well, mock on,
It is your turn: I may have mine——— [*Exit.*

Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear *Aſcanio.* *Aſc.* Do not fear it,
I ev'ry day will ſee you: Ev'ry hour
Remember you in my Pray'rs. *Oct.* My Grief's too great
To be expreſs'd in Words——— [*Exit.*

Hen. Take that and leave us, [*Gives Mony to* Jacintha.
Leave us without reply; nay come back Sirrah,
And ſtudy to forget ſuch things as theſe
As are not worth the Knowledge. [Aſc. *offers to follow.*

Aſc. O good Sir,
Theſe are bad Principles——— *Hen.* Such as you muſt learn
Now you are mine, for Wealth and Poverty
Can hold no Friendſhip: And what is my Will
You muſt obſerve and do, though good or ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Where is my Wife? 'Fore Heav'n I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to day, my *Amaranta*,
My Heart rejoyces at my wealthy Gleanings,

A rich litigious Lord I love to follow,
A Lord that builds his Happineſs on Brawlings,
O 'tis a bleſſed thing to have rich Clients.
Why. Wife I ſay, how fares my ſtudious Pupil?
Hard at it ſtill? Ye are too violent,
All things muſt have their Reſts, they will not laſt elſe,
Come out and breathe. [Leandro *within.*
Lean. I do beſeech you pardon me,
I am deeply in a ſweet point Sir. *Bar.* I'll inſtruct ye:
Enter Amaranta.
I ſay take Breath, ſeek Health firſt, then your Study.
O my ſweet Soul, I have brought thee golden Birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done ſtrange wonders:
There's more a hatching too.
Ama. Have ye done good, Husband?
Then 'tis a good day ſpent. *Bar.* Good enough Chicken,
I have ſpread the Nets o'th' Law, to catch rich Booties,
And they come fluttering in. How do's my Pupil?
My modeſt thing, haſt thou yet ſpoken to him?
Ama. As I paſt by his Chamber I might ſee him,
But he is ſo bookiſh. *Bar.* And ſo baſhful too,
I'faith he is, before he will ſpeak, he will ſtarve there.
Ama. I pity him a little. *Bar.* So do I too.
Ama. And if he pleaſe to take the air o'th' Gardens,
Or walk i'th' inward Rooms, ſo he moleſt not———
Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee, he dare not ſpeak to thee.
Enter Moor, *with Cheſs-board.*
Bring out the Cheſs-board,——come let's have a game Wife,
I'll try your Maſtery, you ſay you are cunning.
Ama. As learned as ye are, Sir, I ſhall beat ye.
Enter Leandro.
Bar. Here he ſteals out, put him not out of Countenance,
Prethee look another way, he will be gone elſe.
Walk and refreſh your ſelf, I'll be with you preſently.
Lean. I'll take the Air a little. [*Play at Cheſs.*
Bar. 'Twill be healthful.
Ama. Will ye be there? Then here? I'll ſpare ye that Man.
Lean. Wou'd I were ſo near too, and a Mate fitting.
Ama. What think ye, Sir, to this? Have at your Knight now.
Bar. 'Twas ſubtily play'd: Your Queen lies at my Service.
Prethee look off, he is ready to pop in again,
Look off I ſay, doſt thou not ſee how he bluſhes?
Ama. I do not blaſt him.
Lean. But ye do, and burn too;
What killing Looks ſhe ſteals?
Bar. I have you now cloſe,
Now for a Mate.

Lean. You are a bleſſed Man that may ſo have her!
Oh that I might play with her ——— [*Knock within.*
Bar. Who's there? I come, you cannot ſcape me now
Wife: I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Lean. Moſt bleſſed Hand that calls him.
Bar. Play quickly, Wife.
Ama. 'Pray ye give leave to think, Sir.
Enter Moor.
Moor. An honeſt Neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir,
Would fain ſpeak with your Worſhip about Buſineſs.
Lean. The Devil blow him off.
Bar. Play. *Ama.* I will ſtudy:
For if you beat me thus, you will ſtill laugh at me—— [*Knock.*
Bar. He knocks again, I cannot ſtay. *Leandro,*
'Pray thee come near. *Lean.* I am well, Sir, here.
Bar. Come hither: be not afraid, but come.
Ama. Here's none will bite, Sir.
Lean. God forbid, Lady.
Ama. 'Pray come nearer. *Lean.* Yes forſooth.
Bar. 'Prethee obſerve theſe Men: juſt as they ſtand here,
And ſee this Lady do not alter 'em.
And be not partial, Pupil. *Lean.* No indeed, Sir.
Bar. Let her not move a Pawn, I'll come back preſently,
Nay you ſhall know I am a Conqueror:
Have an eye, Pupil——— [*Exit.*
Ama. Can ye play at Cheſs, Sir?
Lean. A little, Lady. *Ama.* But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this Mate, and win the Game too;
H'as noble Eyes: Ye dare not friend me ſo far?
Lean. I dare do any thing that's in Man's pow'r, Lady,
To be a Friend to ſuch a noble Beauty.
Ama. This is no Lawyers Language: I pray ye tell me,
Whither may I remove, ye ſee I am ſet round,
To avoid my Husband?
Lean. I ſhall tell ye happily,
But happily you will not be inſtructed.
Ama. Yes and thank ye too, ſhall I move this Man?
Lean. Thoſe are unſeemly: Move one can ſerve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye. *Ama.* 'Pray ye tell quickly,
He will return, and then.
Lean. I'll tell ye inſtantly,
Move me, and I will move any way to ſerve ye,
Move your Heart this way, Lady.
Ama. How? *Lean.* 'Pray ye hear me.
Behold the ſport of Love, when he is imperious,
Behold the ſlave of Love. *Ama.* Move my Queen this way?

Sure

Sure, he's some worthy Man: Then if he hedge me,
Or here to open him. *Lean.* Do but behold me,
If there be Pity in you, do but view me,
But view the Misery I have undertaken
For you, the Poverty. *Ama.* He will come presently.
Now play your best Sir, though I lose this Rook here,
Yet I get Liberty. *Lean.* I'll seize your fair Hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred Kisses.
The God of Love warm your Desires but equal,
That shall play my Game now. *Ama.* What do you mean, Sir?
Why do you stop me? *Lean.* That ye may intend me.
The time has blest us both: Love bids us use it.
I am a Gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your Love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole Heart to ye, thus I give it:
And to those burning Altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine Lips, where perpetual Spring grows———
Ama. Take that, ye are too saucy. *Lean.* How, proud Lady?
Strike my Deserts? *Ama.* I was to blame,

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What Wife, there?
Heav'n keep my House from Thieves.
Lean. I am wretched:
Open'd, discover'd, lost to my Wishes.
I shall be hooted at.
Bar. What Noise was this, Wife?
Why dost thou smile?
Lean. This proud thing will betray me.
Bar. Why these lie here? What angry, Dear?
Ama. No, Sir,
Only a chance, your Pupil said he plaid well,
And so indeed he do's: He undertook for ye,
Because I would not sit so long time idle,
I made my Liberty, avoided your Mate,
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me.
Indeed he put me strangely to it. When presently
Hearing you come, and having broke his Ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my Queen fair,
I rose o'th' sudden smilingly to shew ye,
My Apron caught the Chess-board, and the Men,
And there the Noise was. *Bar.* Thou art grown a Master,
For all this I shall beat ye. *Lean.* Or I, Lawyer,
For now I love her more, 'twas a neat Answer,
And by it hangs a mighty Hope, I thank her,
She gave my Face a sound Knock that it rings yet,
But you shall have a sounder if I live, Lawyer;

My Heart akes yet, I would not be in that fear——
Bar. I am glad ye are a Gamester, Sir, sometimes
For Recreation we two shall fight hard at it.
Ama. He will prove too hard for me.
Lean. I hope he shall do, (dy.
But your Chess-board is too hard for my Head, line that, good La-
Bar. I have been attoning two most wrangling Neighbours,
They had no Mony, therefore I made even.
Come, let's go in and eat, truly I am hungry.
Lean. I have eaten already, I must intreat your pardon.
Bar. Do as ye please, we shall expect ye at Supper.
He has got a little Heart, now it seems handsomely.
Ama. You'll get no little Head, if I do not look to ye.
Lean. If ever I do catch thee again thou Vanity——
Ama. I was to blame to be so rash, I am sorry—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Don Henrique, Violante, *and* Ascanio.

Hen. HEAR but my Reasons.
Vio. O my Patience, hear 'em!
Can cunning Fashood colour an Excuse
With any seeming shape of borrow'd Truth,
Extenuate this woful wrong, not error?
Hen. You gave consent that, to defeat my Brother,
I should take any course. *Vio.* But not to make
The Cure more loathsom than the foul Disease:
Was't not enough you took me to your Bed,
Tir'd with loose Dalliance, and with empty Veins,
All those Abilities spent before and wasted,
That cou'd confer the Name of Mother on me?
But that (to perfect my account of Sorrow
For my long Barrenness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my Face, that you were Fruitful
Hug'd in the base Embraces of another?
If Solitude, that dwelt beneath my Roof,
And want of Children was a torment to me,
What end of my Vexation to behold
A Bastard to upbraid me with my wants?
And hear the name of Father paid to ye,
Yet know my self no Mother. What can I say?
Hen. Shall I confess my Fault, and ask your Pardon?
Will that content ye? *Vio.* If it cou'd make void,

What

What is confirm'd in Court: No, no, *Don Henrique*,
You ſhall know that I find my ſelf abus'd,
And add to that, I have a Woman's Anger,
And while I look upon this Baſilisk,
Whoſe envious Eyes have blaſted all my Comforts,
Reſt confident I'll ſtudy my dark Ends,
And not your Pleaſures. *Aſc.* Noble Lady, hear me,
Not as my Father's Son, but as your Servant,
Vouchſafe to hear me, for ſuch in my Duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor Ambition, ever to look on you,
But with that Reverence, which a Slave ſtands bound
To pay a worthy Miſtreſs. I have heard
That Dames of higheſt place, nay Queens themſelves,
Diſdain not to be ſerv'd by ſuch as are
Of meaneſt Birth: And I ſhall be moſt happy,
To be employ'd when you pleaſe to command me,
Even in the courſeſt Office, as your Page,
I can wait on your Trencher, fill your Wine,
Carry your Pantofles, and be ſometimes bleſs'd
In all Humility to touch your Feet:
Or if that you eſteem that too much Grace,
I can run by your Coach, obſerve your Looks,
And hope to gain a Fortune by my Service,
With your good favour, which now, as a Son,
I dare not challenge. *Vio.* As a Son? *Aſc.* Forgive me,
I will forget the Name, let it be Death
For me to call you Mother. *Vio.* Still upbraided?
Hen. No way left to appeaſe you?
Vio. None: Now hear me:
Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n,
And if I break it all plagues in this Life,
And thoſe that after Death are fear'd, fall on me,
While that this Baſtard ſtays under my Roof,
Look for no Peace at home, for I renounce
All Offices of a Wife. *Hen.* What am I faln to?
Vio. I will not eat, nor ſleep with you, and thoſe hours,
Which I ſhou'd ſpend in Prayers for your Health,
Shall be employ'd in Curſes. *Hen.* Terrible.
Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As lingring Feavers, and I'll watch the Nights,
To ring aloud your Shame, and break your Sleeps.
Or if you do but ſlumber, I'll appear
In the ſhape of all my Wrongs, and like a Fury
Fright you to Madneſs; and if all this fail
To work out my Revenge, I have Friends and Kinſmen,

That

That will not fit dower time with the Disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble Family,
In what I ſuffer. *Hen.* How am I divided
Between the Duties I owe as a Husband,
And Piety of a Parent? *Aſc.* I am taught, Sir,
By the inſtinct of Nature, that Obedience
Which bids me to prefer your Peace of Mind,
Before thoſe Pleaſures that are deareſt to me;
Be wholly hers my Lord, I quit all parts,
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no diſtaſte e'er find you, and before
The Characters of Age are printed on you,
May you ſee many Images of your ſelves,
Though I, like ſome falſe Glaſs, that's never look'd in,
Am caſt aſide, and broken. From this hour,
Unleſs invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will ſet my forbidden Feet
Over your Threſhold; only give me leave,
Though caſt off to the World, to mention you
In my Devotions, 'tis all I ſue for,
And ſo take my laſt leave. *Hen.* Though I am
Devoted to a Wife, nay almoſt ſold
A Slave to ſerve her Pleaſures, yet I cannot
So part with all Humanity, but I muſt
Shew ſomething of a Father; thou ſhalt not go
Unfurniſh'd and unfriended too: take that
To guard thee from Neceſſities; may thy Goodneſs
Meet many Favours, and thine Innocence
Deſerve to be the Heir of greater Fortunes,
Than thou wer't Born to. Scorn me not, *Violante*,
This Baniſhment is a kind of civil Death,
And now, as it were at his Funeral,
To ſhed a Tear or two is not unmanly,
And ſo farewel for ever. One word more,
Though I muſt never ſee thee, my *Aſcanio*,
When this is ſpent, for ſo the Judge decreed,
Send to me for ſupply. Are you pleas'd now?
Vio. Yes, I have cauſe, to ſee you Howl and Blubber
At the parting of my Torment, and your Shame.
'Tis well: proceed: ſupply his wants: do do:
Let the great Dower I brought, ſerve to maintain
Your Baſtard's Riots: Send my Clothes and Jewels
To your old acquaintance, your dear Dame his Mother.
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.
Hen. Is all I do miſconſtru'd? *Vio.* I will take
A Courſe to right my ſelf, a ſpeeding one:
By the bleſs'd Saints, I will; if I prove cruel,

The shame to see thy foolish Pity, taught me
To lose my natural Modesty, keep off from me,
Thy Flatteries are infectious, and I hate thee
As I would do a Leper. *Hen.* Let not Fury
Transport you so: You know I am your Creature,
All Love, but to your self, with him, hath left me,
I'll joyn with you in any thing. *Vio.* In vain,
I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.
Hen. I will not cross you. *Vio.* Do not, they shall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspick's, mild. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Milanes, *and* Arsenio.

Lop. Sits the Game there? I have you, by mine order;
I love *Leandro* for't. *Mil.* But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity. *Lop.* He shall want nothing,
I know my Advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his Pray'rs, if he use any,
I am honyed with the Project: I wou'd have him horn'd
For a most precious Beast. *Ars.* But you lose time.
Lop. I am gone, instruct you *Diego*; you will find him
A sharp and subtile Knave, give him but Hints
And he will amplifie. See all things ready,
I'll fetch him with a Vengeance—— [*Exit.*
Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too. *Mil.* Tush, he is flesh'd,
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.
Ars. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we shall have a merry Scene, ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Amaranta, *with a Note, and* Moor.

Ama. Is thy Master gone out?
Moor. Ev'n now, the Curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his Cloak, and brush'd his Hat straight,
Set his Band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.
Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out, *Egla*,
As luckily, as one would say, go Husband;
He was call'd by Providence: Fling this short Paper
Into *Leandro*'s Cell, and waken him,

He

He is monſtrous vex'd, and angry, at my Comedy;
But this ſhall ſupple him, when he has read it:
Take your own Recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Octavio, *and* Jacintha.

Oct. If that you lov'd *Aſcanio* for himſelf,
And not your private Ends, you rather ſhou'd
Bleſs the fair Opportunity, that reſtores him
To his Birth-right, and the Honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good Fortune. *Jac.* Grieve, *Octavio*?
I would reſign my Eſſence, that he were
As happy as my Love cou'd faſhion him,
Though every Bleſſing that ſhou'd fall on him,
Might prove a Curſe to me: My Sorrow ſprings
Out of my fear and doubt he is not ſafe.
I am acquainted with *Don Henrique*'s Nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery Temper
Of Madam *Violante*: Can you think
That ſhe, that almoſt is at War with Heav'n
For being barren, will with equal Eyes
Behold a Son of mine? *Oct.* His Father's Care,
That for the want of Iſſue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own Fame,
Will look unto his Safety. *Jac.* Step-mothers
Have many Eyes, to find a way to miſchief,
Though blind to Goodneſs.

Enter Jamie *and* Aſcanio.

Oct. Here comes *Don Jamie*,
And with him our *Aſcanio*.
Jam. Good Youth leave me,
I know thou art forbid my Company.
And only to be ſeen with me, will call on
Thy Father's anger. *Aſc.* Sir, if that to ſerve you
Cou'd loſe me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I ſtill wou'd follow you. Alas I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help my ſelf.
I was, for ſome particular end, took home,
But am caſt off again. *Jam.* Is't poſſible?
Aſc. The Lady, whom my Father calls his Wife,
Abhors my ſight, is ſick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of Doors. *Jac.* By my beſt hopes

I thank her Cruelty, for it comes near
A saving Charity. [illegible] am only happy
That yet I can relieve you; 'pray you share
My Father's wondrous kind, and promised
That I should be supplied. But sure the Lady
Is a malicious Woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a Stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.
Ser. From my Lady,
Your private Ear, and this———
Jam. Now Miracles?
Ser. She says, if you dare make your self a Fortune,
She will propose the Means; my Lord *Don Henrique*
Is now from home, and she alone expects you;
If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of
A second Offer. [*Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an Ambush
Laid for my Life, I'll on and sound this Secret.
Retire thee, my *Ascanio*, with thy Mother;
But stir not forth, some great Design's on Foot,
Fall what can fall, if ere the Sun be set
I see you not, give me for dead.
Asc. We will expect you,
And those bless'd Angels, that love Goodness, guard you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lopez *and* Bartolus.

Bar. Is't possible he shou'd be rich? *Lop.* Most possible,
He hath been long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir. *Bar.* Accounted a poor Sexton,
Honest poor *Diego*. *Lop.* I assure ye, a close Fellow,
Both close, and scraping, and that fills the Bags, Sir.
Bar. A notable good Fellow too?
Lop. Sometimes, Sir.
When he hop'd to drink a Man into a Surfeit,
That he might gain by his Grave.
Bar. So many thousands?
Lop. Heav'n knows what. *Bar.* 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange; but we see by endeavour;
And honest labour——— *Lop. Milo*, by continuance
Grew from a silly Calf, with your Worship's Reverence,
To carry a Bull; from a penny, to a pound, Sir,

And from a ground to nothing. 'Tis [illegible]
Bar. Ye [illegible]
And that methinks—
Lop. From another [illegible] Preacher, Sir,
And there he found it [illegible] with small charge:
There he would play the Tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the Graves he made; at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, ſuckt th' Air of Miſery.
[Table ſet out, Standiſh, Paper, and Stools.
And grew fat by the Brewis of an Egg-ſhell,
Wou'd ſmell a Cooks-ſhop, and go home and Surfeit,
And be a Month in faſting out that Fever.
Bar. Theſe are good Symptoms: Do's he lye ſo ſick, ſay ye?
Lop. Oh, very ſick. *Bar.* And choſen me Executor?
Lop. Only your Worſhip. *Bar.* No hope of his Amendment?
Lop. None, that we find. *Bar.* He hath no Kinſmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few. *Bar.* His mind will be the quieter.
What Doctors has he? *Lop.* There's none, Sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needleſs things, in ſuch Extremities.
Who draws the good Man's Will?
Lop. Marry that do I, Sir,
And to my Grief. *Bar.* Grief will do little now, Sir,
Draw it to your comfort, Friend, and as I counſel ye,
An honeſt Man, but ſuch Men live not always:
Who are about him? *Lop.* Many, now he is paſſing,
That wou'd pretend to his love, yes, and ſome Gentlemen
That would fain counſel him, and be of his Kindred;
Rich Men can want no Heirs, Sir. *Bar.* They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we ſhall take a care.
Enter, with Diego *in a Bed,* Milanes, Arſenio, *and Pariſhioners.*
Lop. Will ye come near, Sir;
'Pray ye bring him out; now ye may ſee in what State:
Give him freſh Air. *Bar.* I am ſorry, Neighbour *Diego,*
To find ye in ſo weak a State. *Die.* Ye are welcome,
But I am fleeting, Sir. *Bar.* Methinks he looks well,
His Colour freſh, and ſtrong, his Eyes are chearful.
Lop. A glimmering before Death, 'tis nothing elſe, Sir,
Do you ſee how he fumbles with the Sheet? do ye note that?
Die. My Learned Sir, 'pray ſit: I am bold to ſend for ye,
To take a care of what I leave. *Lop.* Do ye hear that?
Arſ. Play the Knave finely. *Die.* So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully. *Bar.* 'Pray ye do not trouble him,
You ſee he's weak, and has a wandring Fancy.
Die. My honeſt Neighbours, weep not, I muſt leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye Company,

We

We muſt drop ſtill, there is no remedy.
'Pray ye Maſter Curate, will ye write my Teſtament,
And write it largely it may be remembred,
And be Witneſs to my Legacies, good Gentlemen;
Your Worſhip I do make my full Executor,
You are a Man of Wit and Underſtanding.
Give me a Cup of Wine to raiſe my Spirits,
For I ſpeak low: I wou'd, before theſe Neighbours,
Have ye to ſwear, Sir, that you will ſee it executed,
And what I give let equally be rendred
For my Soul's health. *Bar.* I vow it truly, Neighbours,
Let not that trouble ye, before all theſe,
Once more I give my Oath. *Die.* Then ſet me higher,
And pray ye come near me all. *Lop.* We are ready for ye,
Mil. Now ſpur the Aſs, and get our Friend time.
Die. Firſt then,
After I have given my Body to the Worms,
For they muſt be ſerv'd firſt, they are ſeldom cozen'd,
Lop. Remember your Pariſh, Neighbour. *Die.* You ſpeak truly,
I do remember it, a lewd vile Pariſh,
And pray it may be mended: To the Poor of it,
Which is to all the Pariſh, I give nothing,
For nothing, unto nothing is moſt natural,
Yet leave as much ſpace, as will build an Hoſpital,
Their Children may pray for me.
Bar. What do you give to it?
Die. Set down two thouſand Duckets.
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembred. *Die.* To your Worſhip,
Becauſe you muſt take pains to ſee all finiſh'd,
I give two thouſand more, it may be three, Sir,
A poor Gratuity for your pains-taking.
Bar. Theſe are large Sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old Maſter Vicar, I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir,
But there be more to ſerve. *Bar.* This Fellow coins ſure.
Die. Give me more drink: Pray ye buy Books, buy Books,
You have a learned Head, ſtuff it with Libraries,
And underſtand 'em, when ye have done, 'tis Juſtice.
Run not the Pariſh mad with Controverſies,
Nor preach Abſtinence to longing Women,
'Twill burge the bottoms of their Conſciences:
I would give the Church new Organs, but I propheſie
The Church-wardens wou'd quickly pipe 'em out o'th' Pariſh.
Two hundred Duckets more to mend the Chancel,

And to paint true Orthography, as many,
They write Seed with a C, which is abominable,
'Pray you ſet that down, to poor Maidens Marriages.
Lop. Ay that's well thought of, what's your Will in that point?
A meritorious thing. *Bar.* No end of this Will!
Die. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Lockram,
That there be no ſtrait dealings in their Linnens,
But the Sails cut according to their Burthens.
To all Bell-ringers I bequeath new Ropes,
And let them uſe 'em at their own Diſcretions.
Arſ. You may remember us. *Die.* I do, good Gentlemen,
And I bequeath you both good careful Surgeons,
A Legacy you have need of, more than Mony,
I know you want good Diets, and good Lotions,
And in your pleaſures, good take heed. *Lop.* He raves now,
But 'twill be quickly off. *Die.* I do bequeath ye
Commodities of Pins, Brown-papers, Pack-threads,
Roſt Pork, and Puddings, Ginger-bread, and Jews-trumps,
Of penny Pipes, and mouldy Pepper, take 'em,
Take 'em even where you pleaſe and be cozen'd with 'em,
I ſhou'd bequeath ye Executions alſo,
But thoſe I'll leave to th' Law. *Lop.* Now he grows Temperate.
Bar. You will give no more?
Die. I am loth to give more from ye,
Becauſe I know you will have a care to execute,
Only, to pious uſes, Sir, a little.
Bar. If he be worth all theſe, I am made for ever.
Die. I give to fatal Dames, that ſpin Men's Threads out,
And poor diſtreſſed Damſels, that are Militant,
As Members of our own Afflictions,
A hundred Crowns to buy warm Tubs to work in;
I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church-yard,
A ſpacious Church-yard, to lay Thieves and Knaves in,
Rich Men and honeſt Men take all the Room up.
Lop. Are ye not weary? *Die.* Never of well doing.
Bar. Theſe are mad Legacies. *Die.* They were got as madly;
My Sheep, and Oxen, and my Moveables,
My Plate, and Jewels, and five hundred Acres;
I have no Heirs. *Bar.* This cannot be, 'tis monſtrous.
Die. Three Ships at Sea too.
Bar. You have made me full Executor?
Die. Full, full, and total, wou'd I had more to give ye,
But theſe may ſerve an honeſt Mind. *Bar.* Ye ſay true,
A very honeſt Mind, and make it rich too,
Rich, wondrous rich. But where ſhall I raiſe theſe Monies?
About your Houſe I ſee no ſuch great Promiſes;
Where ſhall I find theſe Sums?

Die.

Die. Even where you please, Sir.
You are wise and provident, and know business,
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good, I am reasonable.
Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands?
What do you make me?
Die. You have sworn to see it done, that's all my comfort.
Bar. Where I please? this is pack'd sure to disgrace me.
Die. Ye are just, and honest, and I know you will do it,
Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abus'd, betray'd, I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baffl'd, and boated, it seems. *Arf.* No, no, ye are fool'd.
Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly.
Such cunning Masters must be fool'd sometimes, Sir,
And have their Worships Noses wip'd, 'tis healthful,
We are but quit: You fool us of our Monies
In every Cause, in every Quiddit wipe us. (men.
Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha, some more drink, for my Heart, Gentle-
This merry Lawyer——ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholar——
I think this fit will cure me: This Executor——
I shall laugh out my Lungs.
Bar. This is Derision above Suff'rance, Villany
Plotted and set against me. *Die.* Faith 'tis Knavery.
In troth I must confess, thou art fool'd indeed, Lawyer.
Mil. Did you think, had this Man been rich——
Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.
Mil. He wou'd have chosen such a Wolf, a Canker,
A Maggot-pate, to be his whole Executor?
Lop. A Lawyer, that entangles all Men's Honesties,
And lives like a Spider in a Cobweb lurking,
And catching at all Flies, that pass his Pit-falls?
Puts Powder to all States, to make 'em caper?
Wou'd he trust you? Do you deserve?
Die. I find, Gentlemen,
This Cataplasm of a well sozen'd Lawyer
Laid to my Stomach, lenifies my Feaver,
Methinks I cou'd eat now, and walk a little.
Bar. I am asham'd to feel how flat I am cheated,
How grossly, and maliciously made a May-game,
A damn'd trick; my Wife, my Wife, some Rascals
My Credit and my Wife, some lustful Villain,
Some Bawd, some Rogue.
Arf. Some crafty Fool has found ye:
This 'tis, Sir, to teach ye to be too busie,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring Oar in all Mens Actions.
Lop. We did this, but to vex your fine Officiousness.

Bar.

[illegible] found, Gentlemen;
[illegible] Good Even to your Worships.
Vices, remember, Vices, Radical, remember,
Thou notable sch[illegible]. *Dif.* I do remember, Sir,
'Pray ye stay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies
To make your Mouth up, Sir. *Dif.* Remember Varlets,
Quake and remember, Rogues;
I have Bfine for your Buttocks. [*Exit.*
Lop. Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a Dunghil!
Die. His Gall contains fine stuff now to make Poysons,
Rare damned Stuff.
Arf. Let's after him, and still vex him,
And take my Friend off: By this time he has prosper'd,
He cannot lose this dear time: 'Tis impossible.
Mil. Well *Diego*, thou hast done.
Lop. Hast done it daintily.
Mil. And shalt be as well paid, Boy——
Arf. Go, let's crucifie him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Amaranta, *and* Leandro.

Lean. I have told ye all my Story, and how desperately.
Ama. I do believe: Let's walk on, time is precious,
Not to be spent in Words, here no more wooing,
The open Air's an Enemy to Lovers,
Do as I tell ye. *Lean.* I'll do any thing,
I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve ye.
Ama. Take your Joy moderately, as it is ministred,
And as the Cause invites: That Man's a Fool
That at the sight o'th' Bond, dances and leaps,
Then is the true Joy, when the Mony comes.
Lean. You cannot now deny me. *Ama.* Nay, you know not,
Women have Cretchets, and strange Fits.
Lean. You shall not.
Ama. Hold ye to that and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny ye:
'Pray let's step in, and see a Friend of mine,
The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour,
We may be miss'd else: A private fine House 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes. *Lean.* Do Lady,
Do happy Lady. *Ama.* All your Mind's of doing,
You must be modester. *Lean.* I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Bar. Open the Doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own Room, and my Liberty: Why Maud there,
Open I ſay, and do not anger me,
I am ſubject to much fury: When, ye Hell-clogs?
When do you come? aſleep, ye lazy Hell-hound?
Nothing attended, but your eaſe, and eating?
No Body here? why Wife, why Wife? why Jewel?
No Tongue to anſwer me! prethee, good Pupil,
Diſpenſe a little with thy careful Study,
And ſtep to th' door, and let me in; nor he neither?
Ha! not at's Study? nor aſleep? nor no Body?
I'll make ye hear: The Houſe of Ignorance,
No Sound inhabits here: I have a Key yet
That commands all: I fear I am Metamorphos'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Lopez, Arſenio, Milanes, *and* Diego.

Lop. He keeps his fury ſtill, and may do miſchief.
Mil. He ſhall be hang'd firſt, we'll be ſticklers there, Boys.
Die. The hundred thouſand Dreams now, that poſſeſs him,
Of jealouſie, and of revenge, and frailty,
Of drawing Bills againſt us, and Petitions.
Lop. And caſting what his Credit ſhall recover.
Mil. Let him caſt 'till his Maw come up, we care not.
You ſhall be ſtill ſecur'd. [*A great noiſe within.*
Die. We'll pay him home then;
Hark what a noiſe he keeps within! *Lop.* Certain.
H'as ſet his Chimneys o'fire, or the Devil roars there.
Die. The Codixes o'th' Law are broke looſe, Gentlemen.
Arſ. He's fighting ſure.
Die. I'll tell ye that immediately—— —— [*Exit.*
Mil. Or doing ſome ſtrange Outrage on himſelf.
Arſ. Hang him, he dares not be ſo valiant.

Enter Diego.

Die. There's no Body at home, and he chafes like a Lyon,
And ſtinks withal. [*Noiſe ſtill.*
Lop. No Body? *Die.* Not a Creature,
Nothing within, but he and his Law-tempeſt,
The Ladles, Diſhes, Kettels, how they flie all!
And how the Glaſſes through the Rooms!

Enter Bartolus.

Arſ. My Friend ſure
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.
Lop. See where the Sea comes? how it foams, and bruſtles?

The

Mrs. Do,

from [illegible] will be quiet.

Mil. Here the [illegible]. Now mark the Sequel, Sport.
How like an Affamy Priest goes?

Mrs. She has pull'd his Ears down.

Bar. Now, what sweet Voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Cousin's House? *Ama.* Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to Church, but thus I am scandal'd,
Use no Devotion for my Soul, but Gentlemen———

Bar. To Church?

Ama. Yes, and ye keep Sweet Youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up Youths, to be a credit to me.
There's your delight again, pray take him to ye,
He never comes near me more to debase me. (ye?

Bar. How's this? how's this? good Wife, how has he wrong'd

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a Sheep before me,
I blush to think how People sneer'd, and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome Men, that know Behaviour,
Place, and Observance: This silly [illegible] knows nothing,
Cannot tell ren, let every Rascal jus[illegible],
And still I push'd him on! as he had been coming.

Bar. Ha! did ye push him on! is he so stupid?

Ama. When others were attentive to the Priest,
Good devout Gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep: Then first began the Bag-pipes,
The several stops on's Nose made a rare Musick,
A rare and loud, and those plaid many an Anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.

Mrs. As cunning, as she is sweet, I like this Carriage.

Bar. What did he then?

Ama. Why then he talked in his Sleep too,
Nay, I'll divulge your moral Virtues, Sheeps-face,
And talk'd aloud, that every Ear was fixt to him:
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this Time?
Talk of your bawling Law, of Apellations,
Of Declarations, and Excommunications;
Warrants, and Executions; and such Devils
That drove all the Gentlemen out o'th' Church, by hurryes,
With execrable Oaths, they won'd never come there again.

Thus

This am I [illegible] above me,
I [illegible]
Alas, I was brought [illegible]
A Lawyers Ass, to carry [illegible]
Bar. But what did you at Church?
Lop. At Church, did you ask her?
Do you hear Gentlemen, do you mark that question?
Because you are half an Heretick your self, Sir,
Won'd ye breed her too? this shall to the Inquisition,
A pious Gentlewoman reprov'd for praying?
I'll see this filed, and you shall hear further, Sir.
Arf. Ye have an ill Heart.
Lop. It shall be found out, Gentlemen,
There be those Youths will search it.
Die. You are warm, Signior,
But a Faggot will warm ye better: We are Witnesses.
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt. *Mil.* Nay certain,
I do believe h'as rather no Religion.
Lop. That must be known too, because she goes to Church, Sir?
O *monstrum informe ingens!* *Die.* Let him go on, Sir,
His Wealth will build a Nunnery, a fair one,
And this good Lady, when he is hang'd and rotten,
May there be Abbess.
Bar. You are cozen'd, honest Gentlemen,
I do not forbid the Use but the Form, mark me.
Lop. Form? what do you make of Form?
Bar. They will undo me,
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me:
I must make fair way, and hereafter, Wife,
You are welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure;
Go when ye shall think fit, I will not hinder ye,
My Eyes are open now, and I see my Error,
My Shame, as great as that, but I must hide it.
The whole conveyance now I smell, but *Basta*,
Another time must serve; you see us Friends, now
Heartily Friends, and no more chiding, Gentlemen,
I have been too foolish, I confess, no more Words,
No more, sweet Wife. *Ama.* You know my easie Nature.
Bar. Go get ye in: You see she has been angry:
Forbear her Sight a while, and Time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold. *Lean.* I would I could
I will do all I am able. [*Exit.*
Bar. Do *Leandro*,
We will not part, but Friends of all hands.
Lop. Well said,

[illegible]

Bar. Ye have [illegible] forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, [illegible] ye
To morrow to a Bumbast, [illegible] welcome,
But now we will be merry. *Lop.* Now ye are friendly,
Your Doggedness and Niggardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye. *Bar.* Give me your Hands, all:
You shall be welcome heartily. *Lop.* We will be,
For we'll eat hard. *Bar.* The harder, the more welcome,
And till the Morning farewel; I have business. [*Exit.*
Mil. Farewel good bountiful *Bartolus*; 'tis a brave Wench,
A sudden witty Thief, and worth all service:
Go, we'll all go, and crucifie the Lawyer.
Dio. I'll clap four tire of Teeth into my Mouth more,
But I will grind his substance. *Arf.* Well *Leandro*,
Thou hast had a strange Voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe Harbour. *Mil.* Let's go drink, Friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry May-games.
Lop. A match, a match, 'twill whet our Stomachs better.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Violante, *and Servant.*

Ser. MAdam, he's come. [*Chair and Stools out.*
Vio. 'Tis well, how did he look
When he knew from whom you were sent? was he not startled?
Or confident? or fearful? *Ser.* As appear'd
Like one that knew his Fortune at the worst,
And car'd not what cou'd follow. *Viol.* 'Tis the better,
Reach me a Chair: So bring him in, be careful
That none disturb us: I will try his Temper,
And if I find him apt for my Employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other Engines.

Enter Jamie, *and Servant.*

Ser. There's my Lady.
Viol. Leave us. *Jam.* You sent for me?
Viol. I did, and do's the favour,
Your present State consider'd and my Power,
Deserve no greater Ceremony? *Jam.* Ceremony?
I use to pay that where I owe a Duty,

Not

Not to my Brother's Wife: I cannot fawn,
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd,
And so farewel. *Viol.* He bears up still; I like it.
Pray you a word. *Jam.* Yes, I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a Friend,
But not stand as a Suitor: Now your pleasure?
Viol. You are very bold. *Jam.* 'Tis fit, since you are proud;
I was not made to feed that foolish humour,
With flattery and observance. *Viol.* Yet, with your favour,
A little Form join'd with Respect to her,
That can add to your Wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay raise you to a Fate, beyond your hopes,
Might well become your Wisdom. *Jam.* It would rather
Write me a Fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many Years I have found and prov'd
My greatest Enemy: I am still the same,
My Wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new cerus'd Face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your Back, what I think of you;
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so, that ever I read of.
In Stature you are a Giantess; and your Tailor
Takes measure of you with a *Jacob*'s Staff,
Or he can never reach you, this by the way
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your Complexion were decorum:
You are so far from fair, I doubt your Mother
Was too familiar with the *Moor* that serv'd her.
Your Limbs and Features I pass briefly over,
As thing not worth description; and come roundly
To your Soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.
Viol. I laugh at this, proceed. *Jam.* This Soul I speak of,
Or rather Salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large Inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious Practices: but there's no Corner
An honest thought can take up: And as it were not
Sufficient in your self to comprehend
All wicked Plots, you have taught the Fool, my Brother,
By your Contagion almost to put off
The Nature of the Man, and turn'd him Devil,
Because he should be like you, and I hope
Will march to Hell together: I have spoken;
And if the Limning you in your true Colours
Can make the Painter gracious, I stand ready

For my Reward, or if my Words diſtaſte you,
I weigh it not, for though your Grooms were ready
To cut my Throat for't, be aſſur'd I cannot
Uſe other Language. *Viol.* You think you have ſaid now,
Like a brave Fellow: In this Woman's War
You ever have been train'd: Spoke big, but ſuffer'd
Like a tame Aſs; and when moſt ſpur'd and gall'd
Were never Maſter of the Spleen or Spirit,
That cou'd raiſe up the anger of a Man,
And force it into action. *Jam.* Yes, vile Creature,
Wer't thou a Subject worthy of my Sword,
Or that thy Death, this moment, could call home
My baniſh'd hopes, thou now wer't dead; dead, Woman;
But being as thou art, it is ſufficient
I ſcorn thee, and contemn thee. *Viol.* This ſhews nobly,
I muſt confeſs it: I am taken with it,
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and ſhew'd a baſe
And low dejected Mind, I had deſpis'd you.
This Bravery, in your adverſe Fortune, conquers
And does command me, and upon the ſudden
I feel a kind of Pity growing in me,
For your Misfortunes; Pity ſome ſay's the Parent
Of future Love, and I repent my part
So far in what you have ſuffer'd, that I cou'd,
But you are cold, do ſomething to repair
What your baſe Brother (ſuch, *Jamie*, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.
Jam. Ha? *Viol.* Be not amaz'd,
Our Injuries are equal in his Baſtard;
You are familiar with what I groan for,
And though the Name of Husband holds a tye
Beyond a Brother, I, a poor weak Woman,
Am ſenſible, and tender of a wrong,
And to revenge it wou'd break through all lets,
That durſt oppoſe me. *Jam.* Is it poſſible?
Viol. By this kiſs: ſtart not: thus much, as a Stranger
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,
I ſhould ſelect you as a boſom Friend,
I wou'd print 'em thus, and thus.
Jam. Keep off.
Viol. Come near,
Near into the Cabinet of my Counſels:
Simplicity and Patience dwell with Fools,
And let them bear thoſe burthens, which wiſe Men
Boldly ſhake off; be mine, and join with me,
And when that I have rais'd you to a Fortune,

Do not deny your ſelf the happy [illegible]
You'll look on me with more judicious Eyes,
And ſwear I am moſt fair. *Jam.* What wou'd this Woman?
The purpoſe of theſe words? ſpeak not in riddles,
And when I underſtand what you wou'd counſel,
My anſwer ſhall be ſudden. *Viol.* Thus then *Jamia*,
The objects of our fury are the ſame,
For young *Aſcanio*, whom you Snake-like hug'd,
Frozen with wants to Death, in your warm Boſom,
Lives to ſupplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort. *Jam.* Now 'tis plain;
I apprehend you: And were he remov'd———
Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted Heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd; I was Ice before,
But now ye have fir'd me.——— *Viol.* I'll add Fuel to it.
And by a nearer cut, do you but ſteer
As I direct you, we'll bring our Bark into
The Port of Happineſs. *Jam.* How?
Viol. By *Henrique*'s Death:
But you'll ſay he's your Brother; in great Fortunes,
Which are Epitomes of States and Kingdoms,
The Politick brook no Rivals. *Jam.* Excellent!
For ſure I think out of a ſcrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Diſpenſing but a little with my Conſcience,
Come into full Poſſeſſion, would not argue
One that deſir'd to thrive. *Viol.* Now you ſpeak like
A Man that knows the World. *Jam.* I needs muſt learn
That have ſo good a Tutreſs. And what think you,
Don Henrique and *Aſcanio* cut off,
That none may live, that ſhall deſire to trace us
In our black Paths; if that *Octavio*
His foſter Father, and the ſad *Jacintha*,
Faith pity her, and free her from her Sorrows,
Should fall Companions with 'em? When we are red
With Murther, let us often bath in Blood,
The colour will be Scarlet. *Viol.* And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact. *Jam.* Suppoſe this done:
If undiſcovered, we may get for Mony,
As that you know buys any thing in *Rome*,
A Diſpenſation. *Viol.* And be married?
Jam. True.
Or if it be known, truſs up our Gold and Jewels,
And fly to ſome free State, and there with ſcorn———
Viol. Laugh at the Laws of *Spain*.
'Twere admirable.

Jam

Jam. We ſhall beget rare Children. I am rapt with
The meer Imagination. ———
Veol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious: Furniſh me with means
To hire the Inſtruments, and to your ſelf
Say it is done already: I will ſhew you,
E'er the Sun ſet, how much you have wrought upon me,
Your Province is only to uſe ſome means,
To ſend my Brother to the Grove that's neighbour
To the weſt Port of th' City: leave the reſt
To my own practice; I have talk'd too long,
But now will do: This Kiſs, with my Confeſſion,
To work a fell Revenge: A Man's a fool,
If not inſtructed in a Woman's School. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus, Algazeirs, *and a* Paratour.
The Table ſet out and Stools.

Bar. You are well enough diſguis'd, furniſh the Table.
Make no ſhew what ye are, till I diſcover:
Not a Soul knows ye here: Be quick and diligent.
Theſe Youths I have invited to a Breakfaſt,
But what the Sawce will be, I am of opinion
I ſhall take off the edges of their Appetites,
And greaſe their Gums for eating heartily
This Month or two; they have plaid their prizes with me,
And with their ſeveral flurts they have lighted dangerouſly,
But ſure I ſhall be quit. I hear 'em coming,
Go off and wait the bringing in your ſervice,
And do it handſomely: You know where to have it.
Enter Milanes, Arſenio, Lopez, *and* Diego.
Welcome i'Faith.
Arſ. That's well ſaid, honeſt Lawyer.
Lop. Said like a Neighbour.
Bar. Welcome all: All over,
And let's be merry.
Mil. To that end we came, Sir,
An hour of Freedom's worth an Age of Juglings.
Die. I am come too, Sir, to ſpecifie my Stomach
A poor Retainer to your Worſhip's Bounty.
Bar. And thou ſhalt have it fill'd, my merry *Diego*,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous *Diego*,
Even fill'd till it groan again.
Die. Let it have fair play,

And

And if it founder then———
Bar. I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bob'd me.
Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No, when I considered
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry: Very merry, Gentlemen,
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't,
The Mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.
Lop. Good Mirth does work so: Honest Mirth,
Now, should we have meant in earnest———
Bar. You say true, Neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred such a distast and sowrness,
Such fond imaginations in your Brains, Sir,
For things thrust home in earnest———
Bar. Very certain,
But I know ye all for merry Wags, and e'er long
You shall know me too in another Fashion,
Though you're pamper'd, ye shall bear part o'th' burthen.
Enter Amaranta, *and* Leandro.
Come Wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my Jewel:
And Pupil, you shall come too; ne'er hang backward,
Come, come, the Woman's pleas'd, her Anger's over,
Come, be not bashful.
Ama. What does he prepare here?
Sure there's no Meat i'th' House, at least not dress,
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new bred crotchet
Come o'er his Brains; I do not like his Kindness:
But Silence best becomes me: If he mean foul play,
Sure they are enough to right themselves, and let 'em,
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to Powder.
Bar. Bring in the Meat there, ha? Sit down dear Neighbour,
A little Meat needs little Compliment,
Sit down, I say.
Ama. What do you mean by this, Sir?
Bar. Convey away their Weapons handsomly.
Ama. You know there's none i'th' House to answer ye,
But the poor Girl; you knew there's no Meat neither.
Bar. Peace and be quiet; I shall make you smoak else:
There's Men and Meat enough. Set it down formally.
Enter Algazeirs *with Dishes.*
Ama. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.
Bar. I have no dainties for ye, Gentlemen,
Nor loads of Meat, to make the Room smell of 'em.
Only a Dish to every Man I have dedicated,

A Bird of Grace, and [illegible]
Bar. For me [illegible]
Plac'd in a Mediterranean Sea of Brewis.
Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.
Wait diligently, Knaves.
Mil. What sure but's this?
An Execution! bless me!
Bar. Nay, take it to ye,
There's no avoiding it, 'tis somewhat tough, Sir,
But a good Stomach will endure it easily,
The sum is but a thousand Duckets, Sir.
Arf. A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silk-man!
Bar. Your careful Makers, but they've mar'd your Diet.
Stir not, your Swords are gone: There's no avoiding me,
And these are Algazeirs; do you hear that passing Bell?
Lop. A strong Citation, bless me!
Bar. Out with your Beads, Curate,
The Devil's in your Dish: Bell, Book, and Candle.
Lop. A Warrant to appear before the Judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' Wall.
Bar. Ye need not,
Your fear I hope will make ye find your Breeches.
All. We are betray'd.
Bar. Invited, do not wrong me,
Fall to, good Guests, you have diligent Men about ye,
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye,
These will not see ye start; Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? You fool'd the Lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed Knave; you rid, you spur'd him,
And glorified your Wits, the more ye wronged him;
Within this hour ye shall have all your Creditors,
A second Dish of new Debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the Whip, *Don Diego*,
And Excommunications for the learned Curate,
A Masque of all your Furies shall dance to ye.
Arf. You dare not use us thus?
Bar. You shall be bob'd, Gentlemen.
Stir, and as I have a Life, ye go to Prison,
To Prison, without pity instantly,
Before ye speak another word to Prison.
I have a better Guard without, that waits;
Do you see this Man, *Don* Curate? 'tis a Paratour
That comes to tell ye a delightful Story

Of

Lop. O [illegible]

Lor. Do[illegible]

Thou foolish [illegible]

Lop. Let me [illegible]

Bar. I'll see [illegible]

Lop. And so I [illegible] Vicar,

Hark in your Ear, hark softly ——

Bar. No, no Bribery.

I'll have my ſwinge upon thee, Sirrah? Rogue?

You Lenten Chaps, you thought to fool and mock me,

Mock me abominably, abuſe me lewdly,

I'll make thee ſick at Heart, before I leave thee,

And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,

Not worth a bleſſing, not a [illegible] for thee,

A ſheet to cover thee, but [illegible]

Steal'ſt from the Merchant, [illegible] barter'd with

Steal'ſt from his Grave; do you [illegible] now?

Dio. Have mercy [illegible]

Bar. No Plum of Mercy ſhall hold me from hanging thee.

How do you like your Breakfaſt? 'tis but ſhort, Gentlemen.

But ſweet and healthful; Your [illegible]ſhment, and yours, Sir,

For ſome near Reaſons that concern my Credit,

I will take to my ſelf.

Ama. Do Sir, and [illegible]er:

I have been too good a [illegible], and too obedient.

But ſince ye dare provoke me to be foolish——

Leon. She has [illegible] of your Uſage;

Before the World I [illegible]

And turn that Man, [illegible] Virtues,

To my Sword's point; [illegible]

Turn him, but Face to Face, that I may know him.

Bar. What have I here?

Leon. A Gentleman, a free Man,

One that made trial of this Lady's Conſtancy,

And found it ſtrong as Fate; leave off your fooling,

For if you follow this Courſe, you will be Chronicled

For a Devil, whilſt a Saint ſhe is mention'd.

You know my name indeed; I am now no Lawyer.

Enter Jamie *and Aſſiſtants.*

Dio. Some comfort now, I hope, or elſe wou'd I were hang'd up.

And yet the Judge, he mocked me ſweet.

Bar. What News now?

And so I leave ye.

Bar. Stay I beseech your Worship,
And do but hear me.

Jam. Good Sir, intend this Business,
And let this bawling Fool; no more words, Lawyer,
And no more angers, for I guess your Reasons:
This Gentleman I'll justifie in all Places,
And that fair Lady's worth; let who dare cross it.
The Plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your Wife, she's fair and virtuous.

Dis. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your Honour,
We shall be justified the way of all Flesh else.

Jam. No more Talk, nor no more Dissention, Lawyer,
I know your Anger, 'tis a vain and slight one,
For if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,
A Life that all the World shall——and bring Witness,
And rip before a Judge the grievous Villanies,
You know I know ye, and I can bring witness.

Bar. Nay good Sir, noble Sir.

Jam. Be at peace then presently,
Immediately take honest and fair Truce
With your good Wife, and shake hands with that Gentleman,
H'as honour'd ye too much, and do it chearfully.

Lop. Take us along, for Heav'n sake too.

Bar. I am Friends,
There is no Remedy, I must put up all,
And like my Neighbours ride it out by th' Shoulders,
And perfect Friends; *Leander*, now I thank ye,
And there's my Hand, I have no more grudge to ye,
But I am too mean hereforward for your Company.

Lean. I shall not trouble ye.

Arf. We will be Friends too.

Mil. Nay Lawyer, you shall not fright us farther,
For all your Devils we will bolt.

Bar. I grant ye,
The Gentleman's your Bail, and thank his coming,
Did not he know me too well, you should smart for't,
Go all in peace, but when ye fool next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakfast.

Dis. I'll be bak'd first.

Far. And pray ye remember, when ye are bold and merry,
The Lawyer's Banquet, and the Sawce he gave ye.

Jam. Come, go along; I have Employment for ye,

Employ-

Employment for your jovial Brains now, to end this
For all, for every one.
All. We are all your Servants.
Die. All, all for any thing, from this day forward
I'll hate all Breakfasts, and detest no Dinners.
Jam. I am glad you come off fair.
Lean. The fair has blest me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Octavio, Jacinthe, *and* Ascanio.

Oct. This is the place, but why we are appointed
By *Don Jamie* to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.
Asc. Believe't he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand Lives,
And with them perpetuity of Pleasure,
And should lose all, if he prov'd only false,
Yet I durst pawn the hazard.
Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are,
And Death concludes all Misery.
Oct. Undiscover'd,
We must attend him.

Enter Henrique, *and* Jamie.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him *Don Henrique*?
Jac. Now I fear,
Be silent.
Hen. Why dost thou follow me?
Jam. To save your Life,
A Plot is laid for't, all my wrongs forgot,
I have a Brother's Love.
Hen. But thy false self,
I fear no Enemy.
Jam. You have no Friend,
But what breathes in me: If you move a step
Beyond this Ground you tread on, you are lost.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice them I am sent hither
To meet her, that prefers my Life and Safety
Before her own.
Jam. That you should be abus'd thus
With weak Credulity! She for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble Father,

To satisfie whose Pride and wanton Passion
You have expos'd [illegible] and hopeful Son
To all the miseries that [illegible] him,
And such a Son, though you are [illegible],
To [illegible] whom entertainment Savages
Would quit their Caves themselves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger. This dissembling Woman,
This Idol, whom you worship, all your Love
And Service trod under her Feet, designs you
To fill a Grave, or dead to lye a Prey
For Wolves and Vultures.

Hen. 'Tis false; I defie thee,
And stand upon my Guard.

Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arsenio, Bartolus, Loptz, Diego, Octavio, Jacintha, Ascanio, *and Servants.*

Jam. Alas 'tis weak:
Come on, since you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no Faith in me, take your Fortune;
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

Oct. My Lord.

Asc. In what have we offended?

Jam. I am deaf,
And following my will, I do not stand
Accomptable to Reason; See her Rings,
The first pledge of your Love, and Suicide to her,
Deliver'd as a Warrant for your Death:
These Bags of Gold you gave up to her trust,
The use of which you did deny your self,
Bestow'd on me, and with a prodigal Hand,
Whom she pick'd forth to be the Architect
Of her most bloody Building, and to see
These Instruments, to bring Materials
To raise it up, she bad me spare no cost,
And as a Surplusage, offer'd her self
To be at my Devotion.

Hen. O accurs'd!

Jam. But be incredulous still; frame this my Plot,
Fashion Excuses to your self, and feign
That she is innocent, that she dotes on yes;
Believe this, as a fearful Dream, and that
You lie not at my Mercy, which in this
I will shew only: She her self shall give
The dreadful Sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other World.

Enter

Appears my *Violetta*? Speak, my dearest,
Do's not the Object please you?
Viol. More than if
All Treasure that's above the Earth, with that
That lies conceal'd in both the *Indies* Mines,
Were laid down at my feet: O bold *Jamsky*,
Thou only canst deserve me.
Jam. I am forward,
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your Commands.
Enter Assistant, and Officers.
Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.
Jam. That was defer'd, that you
Might triumph in their Misery, and have the power
To say they are not.
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon:
This Kiss, and all the Pleasures of my Bed
This Night, shall thank thee.
Hen. Monster!
Viol. You Sir, that
Would have me Mother Bastards, being unable
To honour me with one Child of mine own,
That underneath my Roof keep your cast-Strumpet,
And out of my Revenues would maintain
Her riotous Issue; now you find what 'tis
To tempt a Woman: With as little feeling
As I turn off a Slave, that is unfit
To do me service; or a Horse, or Dog,
That have out-liv'd their use, I shake thee off,
To make thy Peace with Heaven.
Hen. I do deserve this,
And never truly felt before, what Sorrow
Attends on wilful Dotage.
Viol. For you, Mistress,
That had the pleasure of his Youth before me,
And triumph'd in the Fruit that grew by him,
But that I think, to have the Bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient Torture,
I would cut off thy Nose, put out thine Eyes,
And set my Foot on those bewitching Lips,
That had the stars of mine: But, as thou art,
Go to the Grave unpitied.
Assist. Who would believe

Such

Such ruin could be in Woman?
Viol. For this Fellow,
He is not worth my Knowledge.
Jam. Let him live then,
Since you esteem him innocent.
Viol. No, *Jamie*,
He shall make up the Medley. Now strike together,
And let them fall so.
Assist. Unheard of Cruelty!
I can endure no longer: Seize on her.
Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy Faith, *Jamie*?
Jam. Cou'd your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold your self to Hell,
I should make up the bargain? Love, dear Brother,
Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair Inheritance; and however hasty Language,
Cal'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my Lips,
In my Heart I ever lov'd you: all my labours
Were but to shew, how much your Love was cozen'd,
When it beheld it self in this false Glass,
That did abuse you; and I was so far
From envying your Fortune, that I pitied it,
That if your State were mine, I would disdain it.
These are the Murtherers, my noble Friends,
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
I won, to come disguis'd thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of Grief and Shame to speak: But what I'll do,
Shall to the World proclaim my Innocence,
And how however I have liv'd, I'll die
A much injur'd Man.
Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this Woman,
Our Joys were perfect.
Hen. That's my only Comfort,
That it is in my power. I have Married
To this bad Woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When Grief would kill *Justitia*.
Assist. All is come out,
And finds a fair success: Take her, *Don Henrique*,
And once again embrace your Son.
Hen. Most gladly.

Assist.

Assi. Your Brother
Bar. And [illegible]
The Money [illegible]
Assi. I have heard of your cozenage,
What an ill Instrument you have been to him,
From this time strengthen him with honest Counsels,
As you'll deserve my Pardon.
Bar. I'll change my Copy:
But I am [illegible], for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.
Assi. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too, let me hear no more,
And what's past, is forgotten. For this Woman,
Though her Intents were bloody, yet our Law
Calls it not Death; yet what her Punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The Dowry she brought with her, shall be employ'd
To build a Nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her Life.
Viol. Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.
Assi. The strict Discipline
Of the Church, will teach you better Thoughts. And Signior,
You that are Batchelors, if you ever marry,
In *Bartolus* you may behold the Issue
Of Covetousness and Jealousie. And of Dotage,
And Falshood in *Don Hippolito*. Keep a Man then
For be assur'd, that weak Man meets all ill,
That gives himself up to a Woman's Will. [Exeunt.

FINIS